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lantern



1946

1947

Robertson Secretarial School

This is a reliable school, thorough in its work, sincere in its service, misrepresenting nothing in its advertising, and devoting all its efforts to the training of students for the best office positions obtainable.

S. LEPINE,
Principal.

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B R C I

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Dedicated
to
International
Understanding
and Amity...

Our Principal's Message

Once more it is time to congratulate the Lantern Staff and the Graduating Class of 1947; the Lantern Staff on the excellence of the Year Book they have produced, and the Graduating Class on the measure of success they have attained during their four years at Bedford Road. With the end of this school term most of you will leave these halls, never to return as students, and enter upon new and larger fields of endeavor.

Graduation time should be a time of retrospect when each graduate pauses for a moment to look back over the way he has come, to think of the achievements and failures, and to gird himself for the way which lies ahead. Fortunate indeed is the graduate who can learn from his past experiences, and having learned can resolutely put his past behind him and set his face steadfastly toward a new goal.

Then too, this graduation time should be a time for looking forward, a time when each graduate sets before himself a new "clear purposed goal" and scans carefully the path by which he must reach it. The goal must be a worthy one, and, if it is, the path to it will be forward and upward and very likely difficult. It is my hope that each graduate of Bedford Road will set himself a worthy goal and will give himself whole-heartedly to the task of attaining it.

"The heights by great men, reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

J. R. MacKay.

EDITORIALS

A Message from our Vice Principal

In this day and age we often hear the expressions "philosophy" and "philosophy of life." The understanding of them may not be exactly the same to you as to me: but each and everyone of us has a philosophy of life and our future is shaped, or determined, perhaps unconsciously, by the nature of that philosophy.

Some are guided by the teachings of history, by what others have done in the recent or distant past; some are influenced by nothing but the expediency of the moment — that is, they live from day to day and care little about the long range result; others set their minds on some specific goal in life and apply their energies thereto, paying little or no attention to what the past has taught.

These attitudes, or variations of them, are characteristic of all peoples, of all races and, perhaps, of all creeds. Nor are they foreign to those who attend school — teacher and student alike, and Bedford Road is no exception.

There is much to be said in favor of these philosophies — if we are thinking only of ourselves as individuals. But we cannot live *by* ourselves, even if we wished, and it is good that we cannot. Nor can we conscientiously live *to* or *for* ourselves when we see and read of so many who live in misery and distress of one form or another; and, again, it is good that we cannot.

The situation then is that it behooves us to live in co-operation with others to their interest as well as to our own. What you, or I, do in the interest of others kindles that spark in their lives which will inevitably burst into flame in their respect for you or me. They are inspired to do likewise for others who, in turn, reciprocate. The possibilities of what one deed done in another's interest may create are very great, to say the least. Could such an unselfish act be multiplied a million times — yes, millions of times the need for military forces would gradually disappear; so with our police services and perhaps even our judiciary. It is far from likely that such an Utopia would ever come to exist but what a different atmosphere would envelope this community, this world, if such were applied! How would it work at Bedford Road? Let's investigate.

J. H. MacLennan



LEARNING . . . how intangible and yet vital! It is a matter of attending classes for almost twelve years now, absorbing what one can . . . cramming for exams, and taking part in the extra-curricular activities or are all these a means of attaining friendship, success, responsibility, happiness, and as a result, self-respect?

Through our scholastic career, teachers have striven to educate us to be citizens of our community, of our country, and of our world. Do we appreciate it, or have we condemned and ridiculed them, in spite of their understanding kindness and valiant stand for their students?

It is to these men and women and to the basic idea of school that we owe much of our civilization today. Down through the ages, knowledge has come to be appreciated and valued above material gain — crude drawing on cave walls, indistinct etchings in the sands of the earth . . . weird hieroglyphics employed by ancient man . . . then a new era of writing, making use of paper, pen, and alphabet . . . what the future holds we cannot predict, but great and overwhelming things are possible in the realms of education of youth.

Even in our own modern times, schools have grown and improved immeasurably. With increased enrolments have come more comfortable buildings, comparatively close and accessible to all. Teachers have become more acutely conscious of their responsibility to their pupils, with the result that guidance and welfare councils have been established. Yet do we realize how fortunate we actually are . . . having reliable persons to work out timetables, set up lessons, make explanations clearly and concisely and help us when difficulties beset us; being able to enjoy the benefits of sports, clubs, and stimulating activities under proper leadership; having the opportunity to make varied and interesting friendships among us . . . in short, merely going to school and reaping its benefits to the full.

Through all handicaps, learning has survived, and here we are, indulging in the greatest and most stupendous project of living, and may we make the best of it.

The Editor.

Bedford's Guidance Plan

"Guidance" meaning "direction" or "advice" has flourished in our school and now it plays an important role in our curricular activities. When this subject was first introduced, the majority of us thought of it as a farce, but since that time, we have come to use it as a mirror in which to see our true characters and also as a light to cast on our future lives. Guidance covers many topics, a few of which are: How to get along with others, hints to better study and vocations. It is Vocational Guidance that appeals to many students as the most important of all guidance topics, because even though a person may learn how to get along with others, if he fails to choose a vocation suitable to his personality and ability, he will inevitably become unhappy and unsuccessful.

Vocational Guidance has been presented to the students in several different ways. The personal interview and the aid of the counsellor enable each student to discover his or her interests. Then by the use of aptitude tests, it is found out whether the student has the personality traits and intelligence necessary for success in that particular field. If not, the counsellor can direct the student to some other vocation. For those students who are undecided in the choice of their careers, files of articles and pamphlets on various occupations are available. Students who have selected their life work may secure further information on the subject by having interviews with men and women who are established in their various jobs.

In conclusion, as the Guidance Plan steadily improves, many more students of the future will undoubtedly benefit by it as we have.

Shirley Howes
Don Rorison

Notes and Comments

The members of the Lantern Staff are extending their appreciation and thanks to all who have helped in the preparation of this Lantern and in turn, I should like to thank the staff who have toiled diligently and loyally with me. And now the Lantern has once more gone to press, our work is finished, and you, the students, are to judge whether it is in keeping with the high standards set forth in previous years.

This is an informal welcome to Miss MacDermid, Mr. McPherson and Mr. Dobson. Mr. McPherson has returned after an absence of two years, during which time he was in the Navy. May we take this opportunity to congratulate him on his recent addition to his family . . . a boy, in case you're interested!

Mr. Follens was with us at the beginning of the term but has now retired, leaving behind him a firm and lasting friendship. Mr. Ellis and Mr. Farrell have been granted sabbatical leave and may we extend to them our best wishes.

Mr. Headley's illness at the start of the year caused much anxiety around the school, and we are very glad to welcome him back.

Again we have reverted back to the 8.25 school opening, and it has met with the definite approval of the whole student body, who have realized the advantages afforded by the extra periods and the early afternoon dismissal. With this system have come greater school spirit and extended school work, and may it continue . . . to the satisfaction of the students.

Mr. MacLennan's 'pink tea parties' are once more the vogue, and a casual reminder . . . if at first you don't succeed, try, try again.

And now for a galaxy of praise:

The staff representatives on The Lantern are entitled to so many plaudits, that we can only say a sincere thank you, Mrs. Morgan, and Mr. Manning for your splendid and inspiring assistance.

Sincere thanks are due to Mrs. Bate, who typed all Lantern material for us this year.

The Writers' Club, too, deserves a pat on the back, for their invaluable aid in reading, rewriting, and composing material for this edition of the Lantern.

Important also is the work done by Lantern agents in selling subscriptions to the students and by agents who have taken time and trouble to solicit advertising. May we express our thanks to the various companies whose advertisements appear in the Lantern, and I'm sure we'll gratefully patronize them. Further thanks go to the English teachers, who have willingly submitted contributions from the English classes.

Let us also voice our appreciation to the many unsung heroes around Bedford's halls who have contributed a great deal to our school. They have done this by participating in school activities, by turning out to support the school teams, and by performing the little tasks so often overlooked by others. To the hard working committees who have willingly and tirelessly decorated our gym, to the lunch and entertainment committees who have made all our social functions the huge successes that they have been, to Ivan Edwards and Jack Covey for their careful and efficient management of the record player and the lights, to the make-up crew, consisting of Earle Askwith, Joyce Denholm, Margaret Jackson, and to the stage crew under the direction of Mr. Chapman, we say thanks with all sincerity.

A big word of praise is due to the teachers, too, for their understanding, generosity, and guidance . . . Though the student might be slow to realize it, they will remember and cherish their associations at B.R.C.I.

. . . And may they long continue to gaze upon, with perhaps a touch of nostalgia, this — their year book — The Lantern.

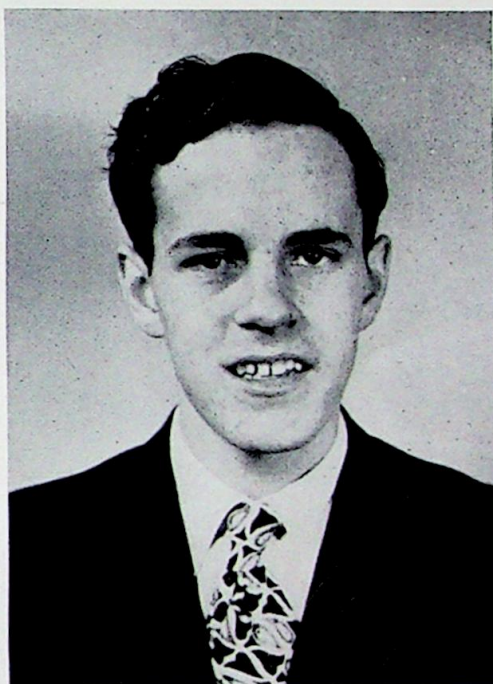
The Editor.

Our School Leaders

1946-47



PAT LAWSON



KEN MAYNARD

Our four cherished years under the Lantern have slipped by and we are now faced with the difficult task of bidding farewell to all we have known and loved. All of us who are graduating hold treasured memories of joys and sorrows, of victories and defeats, which we will carry with us always, after we have taken the final step through the portals of Bedford Road Collegiate.

Before each of us lie the opportunities which life offers, but as we receive again our school Lantern, we tend to reminisce about the highlights of these past four years. Days of success are recalled and enjoyed anew, but days of defeat are also brought to mind. The former induced us to put forth even greater effort in our undertakings, while through the latter we learned many valuable lessons which, in their turn, have contributed to success. The thrilling sports, the competitive inter-house activities, the gay times we enjoyed at social functions, the examinations for which we so laboriously prepared — all these will remain treasured in our memories and will hold a fond place in our hearts.

During our stay at Bedford we have seen the traditional Bedford spirit expand greatly. A friendly spirit and competitive feeling have always permeated the lengthy corridors. May these components of Bedford School spirit ever gain momentum in the students' hearts.

The advice, encouragement, and whole-hearted support which we received from Mr. MacKay, the House Council and the entire staff are inestimable and we express deepest thanks for their assistance. To the students who have placed their trust and confidence in us, who have made our tasks enjoyable and our burdens light, we say thank you. Our hope is that we have been able to live up to the high standards set forth by the school leaders who have gone before.

So, as our senior year draws to a close and we, reluctantly, take our final leave of Bedford, we say thank you and the best of luck to all.

Pat Lawson

Ken Maynard

Students' House Council



STUDENTS' HOUSE COUNCIL

Back row (left to right): Don Rorison, Pat Surbey, Iris Fletcher, Virginia Kelly, Jean Howes, Bill Campbell, Ray Hamilton. Front row (left to right): Mr. Macdonald, Shirley McKee, Ken Maynard, Pat Lawson, Mr. MacLennan, Shirley Howes.

Students' House Council

The Students' House Council consists of Staff Representatives, Mr. MacLennan and Mr. Macdonald; Student Representatives, Pat Lawson, Senior Pin; Ken Maynard, Senior Watch; and Virginia Kelly, treasurer.

The House Leaders are:

Baldwin: Jean Howes and Don Rorison.

Roosevelt: Shirley McKee and Ray Hamilton.

Churchill: Iris Fletcher and Pat Surbey.

Irwin: Shirley Howes and Bill Campbell.

The "Light the Lantern" dance and the Christmas dance were sponsored by the Council. These dances were successful with large crowds in attendance at both.

The Council wishes to thank the student body and the staff for their co-operation, and we hope that the work done by the council this year will meet with the approval of all.

The House System

This year's House competitions have been rather few. However, most of those which did take place aroused enough enthusiasm to make up for the lack in number. Among this year's House competitions have been Soccer, Basketball, Hockey, College Night, and the House Bulletin Competition.

House attendance at competitions was rather poor. No Inter-House debates were held this year. This situation shows a deplorable lack of spirit and of constructive activity on the part of the student body for their respective Houses. The House system is, in my humble estimation, a great success — one that really boosts school spirit. So, come on everyone! Let's all get in and pitch to improve things still further next year. Remember!!! "Don't be a mule — support your school!" But at the same time: "Don't be a mouse — support your House!"

TREASURE CHEST

...OF STORY



Why a Cat Always Falls On its Feet . . .

A young Indian warrior, who had been travelling for many moons far from the land of the southern tribes, found himself very tired. He came to a spot where he thought he might rest. He dropped down under a tree near the way and was soon fast asleep.

The lad had slept some time when his subconscious mind warned him of danger. He slowly roused himself, not moving, but opening his eyes to see what it was that had given him a sense of danger. He shrank in horror when he beheld a huge hooded snake swaying, ready to strike. He watched with a sort of horrible fascination as the great head came nearer and nearer. The terror that gripped him would not allow him to move. Suddenly there was a flash of fur from the tree above, something struck the head of the horrible creature. There was a scuffle and a thrashing among the dry leaves. Then the snake lay lifeless.

All this happened within a very few seconds, though it seemed centuries to the lad who had been so near death. He saw that his benefactor was a cat, which, none the worse for her exploit, was rubbing against the warrior's legs. He reached down, picked the cat up into his arms, then turned his face to the heavens and said in a clear ringing voice, "Great Manitou, Maker of all - this creature, to-day, has saved my life by leaping down from the tree on the head of a snake. Give to it the power to leap thus forever and may it always fall upon its feet."

His voice echoed and re-echoed through the peaceful, silent forest. The Great Manitou must have heard, for to this day the cat can leap great distances without harming herself. She always falls upon her feet.

Peggy Fraser

En Route !

Methinks that if I were a writer, I should use a common everyday theme as a subject with which to create my masterpiece. Take for instance, the Sanitorium-Haultain bus. Now that is something about which one could write endless volumes. Why! I have my doubts whether you'll ever see the like of it in a movie . . . Such goings on!!!

To begin with, it's not quite eight o'clock in the morning, when the bus comes tearing up the street and at the same time somebody comes tearing down the alley so fast that a smash up seems inevitable. But lo and behold, the "body" swerves just in time and keeps right on going since the bus too has kept on going. At the next stop the now

breathless "body" gets on. Well sir, just as he gets into the bus, he gives a yelp, "Awh, I forgot my 'Three Musketeers'!" But by now we're off and this certainly is no time to stop. We're just a wee bit overcrowded but since it's early in the morning, everyone is in his best humor and we don't care even if our feet have been caught in the door and are dragging along the main street.

Just as we're all comfortably cramped together we hear someone exclaim calmly at the top of a soprano voice, "Get your running shoe out of my salad!" Speaking of running shoes, "May, do you have an extra pair of shorts with you?" Someone else whimpers, "Please, you're squashing my butter-tarts and would you mind lifting your foot too, so I can crawl under that seat — I just dropped a sandwich." Then some "sweet young thing" pipes up with "Freddie, since you're the guy who stuck his head through the window will you put it back in to keep out the draught?" Naturally the bus driver, being human (and we wonder how he has remained so) can contain himself no longer, "That strap you're hanging onto happens to be my tie! (gulp, gulp) I'm choking."

Ah yes, if I had the talents of Homer, Shakespeare, or even Chic Young, methinks that the morning bus would be my inspiration.

Helen Jasek

September

*"There was that nameless splendour everywhere,
That wild exhilaration in the air."*

The joy, the rustic grandeur of a month inspired Longfellow to write these stirring words. It is a month of only thirty days, yet in that time it marks a glorious climax to a golden summer. It is September. It comes as a crowning touch to nature's exquisite display of beauty. September bridges the heat of August and the frost of October. It is a month of golden haze and dreamy contentment.

The coming of September is heralded by the whispering of discontented breezes, as they make their way over russet cornfields and through the multi-colored woods. The vigorous little winds bring the smell of burning wood, of matured fruit, and of dry leaves. September with all her serene grace is like a queen garbed in the richest garments.

Just when the day ends and the shadows lengthen, evening creeps over the world, and as summer dies, it brings the promise of things yet to come. Too soon the throbbing of your blood wanes, and too soon the crowning glory fades, until the world slips quietly from its mystic season to be enveloped in the frost tipped hands of dull, gray, October.

Shirley Comstock

Terror Trail

I felt a cold chill sweep over me; I had lost all sense of reason and was seized with panic. It had been hours since I had started and I was still walking — seemingly, into the mouth of a dark cave in which the air was moist and musty. As I walked on, my footsteps echoed and re-echoed through the cavernous depths — it seemed to be unending. However, at last it turned sharply to the right. I held my breath. There, closely pressed against the wall was something of greyish hue which could scarcely be distinguished from the walls of the cave. I could not turn back, so holding my breath I rushed past it and kept running as fast as I could, but my legs seemed to be made of paper which only crumpled beneath my weight. The apparition was coming closer but try as I might I could do nothing but stumble. At last I could try no longer; the form behind me stretched out an arm. I could feel my heart throb as the hand came nearer my throat. I tried to scream but couldn't.

The hand was about a quarter of an inch from me when the floor of the cave opened — down, down I fell into a seemingly bottomless pit.

Thump! I landed on something hard, opened my eyes and there was my mother saying "For pity's sake what are you doing sitting on the floor?" I felt very foolish and so I got up, all the while thanking my lucky stars it was only a nightmare. You can believe me I have never since eaten a pickle sandwich before going to bed.

Anon.

My Shopping Career

Shopping for me has always held a natural terror, probably because I have had very little experience in such matters. My first experience in shopping in a large department store came only a few weeks ago; mother handed me a list of articles to purchase, also a cheque to cash in order to pay for them.

Upon cashing the cheque I made for the store. Clutching the roll of money in my pocket I reluctantly entered. I glanced at my list and read the word "Fish". Determined to get this horrible business over as quickly as possible I stepped up to the meat counter. "Fish please," I faltered. Then I noticed the girl behind the counter: her flaming red hair, dark, roving, brown eyes and the soft purring voice which said "What kind, sir?" I nervously glanced over the rows of meat and fish in the show cases, and read a sign which said "Lamb Chops, 49c per lb." I looked up and said "Give me forty-nine pounds of lamb chops." The red-haired clerk smiled. I stammered something unintelligible and turned to find a door in order to escape. Everyone in the store was staring at me; everything swam before my eyes; I took a fresh grip on my money and bolted through the nearest door. I had failed to see the sign "OFFICE" on the door. The manager, who was sitting at his desk said, "What is your business?" Frantically I stepped into the safe. The manager

rose to retrieve me; then leading me back into the store he said in an unkindly loud voice, "This fellow wishes to find the door!" Someone took my arm to escort me; — I ventured to look at my rescuer, only to recognize the red-haired animation. I broke from her grasp and rushed through the nearest door. I breathed a sigh of relief as I found myself in the open air; a roar of laughter followed my exit. I am no longer a buyer; in the future I shall be a consumer.

Don Sutherland

A Wild Winter Tale

In Saskatchewan when the thermometer hits forty degrees below, you shiver and shake, and put on a bigger fire. However, that is nothing compared to the winter we had in the Yukon back in 1910. Believe me, when my pal Tom and I got up one morning in January, it was so cold, that my toes froze before I could get my slippers on. When Tom finally got his parka on and went to the thermometer to see how cold it was, he found the mercury had gone right to the bottom, up the back, and was starting to come down all over again. Then we lit the fire, but the flames froze before they got going properly, so we didn't have any breakfast except for some chunks of milk broken off the bottle. It was frozen so hard you couldn't tell the milk from the glass.

A little later, I thought I saw a sled coming in the distance, and thinking it might be visitors, we went outside. It was nowhere to be seen, so Tom suggested I climb up on something. I didn't hear him the first time, and as I turned to ask him what he had said, I saw the words frozen in front of my eyes. This gave me an idea, so I blew hard, and saw a block of ice form in the air. Tom hoisted me onto it, and I blew some more until I was about twenty feet up. By that time I was out of breath, and so I stopped. After gazing around the deserted countryside for a few minutes I decided the sled had been a "cold mirage," the opposite of the things people see in the desert, but truly this proves how cold it was. After this we went back to our bunks, and by using all our extra blankets we just managed to keep from freezing to death.

You don't believe me? Well, come on up to the Yukon sometime and I'll show you our dog team and sled — the way we found them, frozen into a solid block. We never did get them thawed out, so we put them in a showcase, and now they're the talk of all the tourists for miles around.

Kitty Wood

Time . . .

The hands of the clock stood at half past ten. A little man hurried down the street crowded with humanity. He wore a tight blue suit which only accentuated his stoutness, and a small derby hat was perched up on his bald head. His face was flushed with heat and unaccustomed exertion, as he bumped into people and trod on their toes in an effort to speed his progress through the crowd. Passing a

jeweller's store he looked up at the clock on display outside, in the manner of a person anxious to be at a certain place at a certain time.

The hands of the clock stood at twenty-five minutes to eleven.

An elderly woman descended the stairs of an old brownstone house and entered an ancient car. The house was situated on the outskirts of a large city. As the car sped along into the city, the old lady continued to sit forward in her seat, as if by mere mental will she could speed the car's progress. She looked nervously at her old-fashioned watch.

The hands of the watch stood at twenty minutes to eleven.

A young man and woman stopped at a street corner for the light to change color. Both seemed in a rush and anxious for the light to change to green. At the instant it did, both stepped off the curb and hurried on their way—the man with long strides, the girl at his side with short, half-running steps. As they passed an electric service shop they glanced at a clock in the window.

The hands of the clock stood at a quarter to eleven.

A man in his early forties lay down his tools at the machine shop, took off his greasy overalls, put on a hat, and departed hurriedly through the door to a shabby car. He opened the door of the car, got in, started the motor, turned into the main road which led past the shop, and glanced down at the clock on the dashboard.

The hands of the clock stood at ten minutes to eleven.

A taxi driver dropped his fare, collected his money and pocketed it. A twitch at his tie, a pull at his cap, a twist of one hand, and he was off again, his cab pointed in a northerly direction. He stopped several blocks up, got out of his cab and headed for the huge door of an immense stone building. He glanced at his wrist watch.

The hands of his watch stood at five minutes to eleven.

Two flights up from the street a tall, distinguished man put down an important looking document and then deposited it in a drawer. He sat back in his chair and wondered if they would be on time. Opposite his window was a huge clock, and he looked at it through the venetian blinds.

The hands of the clock stood at four minutes to eleven.

The door of the office opened, and six people entered, all breathless. They came in, sat down in chairs arranged around the room, and waited expectantly as the distinguished man crossed to a safe and opened it. He withdrew a small metal box, unlocked it with a key. He lifted the lid and exposed to the watchers' eager eyes—nothing.

There was a deep silence, broken at once by a cry of rage, a sigh of relief, an astonished gasp, an outraged exclamation, a startled jerk, and a moan of fear.

The hands of the clock stood at exactly eleven o'clock.

Joan Denyer.

Listening In!

Did you ever curl up in a big chair and think you were going to spend a wonderful evening listening to the radio? You get an apple, kick off your shoes, and switch on the radio. The soft strains of Brahms' Lullaby drift over to you, sending you into a state of semi-consciousness. Suddenly a rasping voice says, "Girls, do you have trouble catching a man? You do? Then try some of Daisy Doolittle's wonderful two-purpose foot powder. Its first purpose is—"

You hurriedly switch to another station. Sammy Kaye's orchestra is giving out with jive.

"Ah, this is more like it."

"Will you shut that awful racket off!" Mother yells at you, interrupting a beautiful trumpet solo.

The next station you try features some antiquated specimen giving his views on "Juvenile Delinquency." But this will never do, so you do more whirling of the dial.

Well, you finally find a program playing some Bing Crosby records, so you settle back once more. Five minutes later the neighborhood kids rush in. You recognize a couple of them—your brothers.

"Quick, we want to listen to Superman. Yesterday he was buried under five feet of earth and he's dying."

You leave, muttering under your breath about certain people being buried.

Oh, well, you can't please the whole family!

Muriel Adamson.

Thanks . . .

The big white box with red letters emblazoned on its face has again produced a fruitful harvest, a harvest we were proud to reap, and proud to store in our granary of Time — "The Lantern." For in this, your year-book, you have caught, to preserve, a year of your life—a year to look back on in the many to come. Those of you who have sown your seed within these pages will especially feel accomplishment; those of you who tried, but failed—we urge you to try again, for only by trying does one succeed. To you, we, the Lantern Staff, extend our thanks for helping us to make this, your book, a success.

Another note of thanks goes to the English teachers, who have given us, from time to time, assignments which have been handed in to them, and to the Writers' Club, who have labored to perfect these essays, poems and stories.

The Lantern Staff.

HERE AND THERE

My First Blood Donation

BY TOBY FREEDMAN

Ye Flame, Regina

It was a warm summer day. The moon sank slowly on the horizon, flashing a girdle of light around the edge of the earth. Nature was asleep; I was awake. At 5.30 in the a.m. I tripped merrily along to the Blood Bank to donate my red corpuscles.

With a proud step, and swollen arteries, I sauntered over to the reception desk, and began filling out my card. "Does your heart beat faster after chasing a blonde? Do you use anti-freeze? Who's your favourite boy-friend? What's his phone number? Are you between the ages of six and eighty-three?"

Two hours and four pencil stubs later, after handing in my card, I was politely led over to another desk where my blood was to be tested. "This won't hurt at all," said the nurse. To keep my blood from running away, she tied something that looked like the garden hose around my finger. She then attached the ends to a pole to keep me from running away. With a little pin, the good lady gave me a "teeny weeny" little prick in the thumb. The janitor then came over and pulled it out with his monkey-wrench. "You have blood," he said, astonished, "and it's red!" That was my blood test.

The doctor then strapped me to the floor and jabbed something into my arm, which he attached to an electric pump. The nurse, trying to encourage me, said that it would be over before I could recite my favourite proverb. Ten minutes after reciting "Confucius say—'tis no better to have people always at thy feet, trodding on thy corns, than at thy shoulders, inspecting thy dandruff," the blood finally stopped flowing. To make certain they had enough, the doctor then took my head, the nurse my feet, and they proceeded to wring me out like a dish cloth.

It was all over then. The nurse helped me into the next room, where I got down off her back and sat in a chair. Plugging the hole in my arm with a cork, I pulled down my sleeve and drank the water and ate the dry crusts she gave me. I stood up for a moment, when the nurse came over, slapped me on the back and said sweetly, "Well, how was it, kid?" I got up from the floor, told her it wasn't too bad, and shuffled unsteadily out of the room, looking much like a fugitive from "Hangover Haven."

P.S.—I'm giving another donation in September.

Exciting Words

BY JOAN COHEN

Kelvin Year Book, Winnipeg

A word! Now, what is a word? Words have different appeal to different people. A word to me, apart from reflecting a vital, exciting and wonderful world of its own, can be a precious jewel.

Some words are flawless pearls, whose perfection holds one spellbound, leaving one to wonder and dream about the beauty of language. Such a word is "peace."

Some words are diamonds, whose brilliance attracts attention. Their magnificence is awe-inspiring, but sometimes their crystal gleam tends to cut and leave a little sting in the ears, such as "light."

Then there are words like blood stones. The very intensity of their color makes one shudder, as when one reads of "war."

Some words are like emeralds, which call to mind the green grass. Their freshness cools and brings solace to a tired heart. Such a word is "moss."

Some words are like topazes, their delicate hues bringing promise of glorious summer days, as when one hears "azure."

Then there are the little words like tiny stones, whose very minuteness of meaning make one think of dewdrops in a meadow. Here one calls to mind "buttercup."

Words can be so exciting, stimulating one's mind and rousing the imagination, sending one in haste in search of a dictionary. Others may be crude and make one shiver, many uplift you, while the beauty of some holds one entranced.

One of the best examples of exciting words is to be found in a recent address of Lord Tweedsmuir's, when he said:

"Should the radio become the only or the main medium transmitting news and instruction to the public, we should become sciolists and quidnuncs, and smatterers, the victims of constant misapprehensions, walking monuments of elaborate inaccuracy."

One wonders how many of those hearing or reading the word "sciolist" know without the aid of a dictionary that it means one who knows things superficially, or that a "quidnunc" is one who pretends to know all that goes on.

So we see that a student of English has jewels on the tip of his tongue and may share this rare gift with others by means of the written and spoken word. A master of language is indeed a monarch of a large domain—the Kingdom of Words.

A Smile

BY JEAN BIRMINGHAM

The Aegis, Beverley, Mass.

Today had been long. Therese was tired. The nurse entered the silent, peaceful room of her patient and spoke. Therese did not look up. Her eyes, usual, were glued to her daddy's picture. Through four years of illness this little girl had grown up a world of pain, living in an imaginary world of fairies and elves. As Miss Lawrence pulled the shades, her young patient remembered one night three years

(Continued on Page 62)

Echoes from Mt. Parnassus . . .

The Dearth of Poets

For many years the muse has frown'd
On intellectual youth,
That tried to versify its views
On love, or war, or truth.

But fate is hard on those who write
In mediocre verse,
As the waste-paper basket is
The usual verdict terse.

The "Powers that Be" are trying hard
To find a youthful sage
To serve the gods and then to found
Another "Golden Age."

The chances are they won't succeed,
And then again they may;
For poets must occur once more,
And why not one today?

Evening Solitude

I lay in my hammock,
The day was through,
I gazed at the sky—
A beautiful hue.

The northern lights shone bright that night
Up in the heavens, a beautiful sight;
The fire cast a ghost-like gleam
On the shiny surface of the little stream.
A high-pitched chirp came from the thicket—
The plaintive cry of a little cricket.
I thought of the beavers making their lair
Free from danger and free of care.
I thought of the morning, fresh with dew
And small things starting the day anew.
I curled in my blankets to get some rest;
The world was silent, its beautiful best.

Les Edwards.

On Leaving

The boat is pulling out, dear friend, good-bye;
The shrieking sirens rend the cloudless sky.
The sun a golden orb on azure field,
Doth shine so bright. Our grief we cannot shield,
The puffing tugs stand by with cables
Like giant goslings round the mother.
White paper streamers float from ship to shore.
A short farewell—it may be long before
Our pathways, now dividing, cross again.
God may have other plans, only when
We pass the deep blue barrier of the sky,
We'll meet again. Till then, dear friend, goodbye.

Anon.

Prairiana

Oh! I love the sweep of the ocean,
Its salty, tangy smells,
Its breadth and girth of this good earth,
And the tale a wavelet tells.

But nought can touch my prairies
Where the whispering breezes blow,
Where the rain and the wheat are nature's feat,
And her wintry blanket, snow.

The peak of the highest mountain,
Capped in majestic white,
Embraced in a girdle of fir and pine
And bathed in pale moonlight

Does not equal my autumn vistas,
Tinted in red and gold;
Leaves, whisked by breathless gusts of wind,
Scatter a thousandfold;

Her infinite star-studded heavens,
The sunset's exquisite hue,
The song of the lonely meadow lark
With enchanting notes so clear.

Joyce Denholm.

Early One Morning

The eight-fifteen was almost due,
He had no time to spare,
He washed his face and scrubbed his teeth,
He combed and brushed his hair.
He gripped his collar savagely,
And fumbled with his tie,
Then tried to do his shirt-front up,
No buttons could he spy.
He dashed down to the breakfast room,
With curses that could hurt,
"How often have I asked you, girl,
For buttons on my shirt?"
His little wife said, "Oh, but dear,"
"Don't dear me," he replied,
"There's no time to be funny now."
Belinda simply sighed.
"I'm sick to death of telling you
'Bout buttons on my shirt!
It's dastardly to treat me thus,
I'm not a lump of dirt!"
Belinda looked a little glum,
Her lips began to pout,
"You see, my dear," she sweetly said,
"Your shirt is inside out."

Dorothy Coolidge.

To Be Read in 1985 A.D.

Turn back to 1946
And maybe you'll recall
Those busy days at Bedford,
The snow, the cold, and all.

The folks we knew at that time—
The Campbells, Bourke and Mitch,
Hodges and the Howes twins,
(I still wonder which is which).

And now they say we're getting old,
It's time to mend our ways;
I'll bet you think as I do too,
They were the good old days.

Now when your days are long and hard,
You are all "fussed up," and then
The pigs root up the garden,
Or kill the "settin'" hen.

Just grab your Bedford Lantern,
Go out and sit a while
Beneath the trees or on the porch,
And presently you'll smile.

For as you scan the verse,
The picture and the rhyme,
Each page will be a milestone,
Back along the road of time.

What memories for you there'll be;
You'll remember as you look,
The "Tom Dunlap Longfellow"
Who wrote this in the book.

Tom Dunlap.

(With apologies to James Whitcomb Riley)

Bottle Neck

"Ink, ink, who has some ink?"
You hear him say it—he doesn't think
To fill his pen before a class.
He couldn't let an hour pass
Without his cry re-echoing,
"Ink, ink, who has some ink?"
He wanders slowly up the aisle
And starts to fill his pen,
But as he glances 'cross the room
He gets a fiendish yen.

He lifts his pen, the ink does spurt,
The teacher's voice sounds loud and curt,
"You'll write this out five hundred fold."
Now hear his pleading voice resound
In tones that wring your heart,
"Ink, ink, who has some ink?"
So I can get a start."

Helen Jasek.

Distractions

Did you ever sit and watch the one across the aisle
As he notes down facts of knowledge without a
single smile?
Or the one who smites his brow, utters sad and
prolonged sighs?
And the timid soul who fights the tears back from
her eyes?
There's the one who sits and ponders with his face
between his hands,
And in melancholy wonders why he must write such
exams.
In front of me at Easter was the kind who writes a
book,
Page after page he scribbled without an upward look.
There's your pal who always finishes in fifteen minutes
flat,
And you wonder: is it difficult or has he it down pat?
Another type I've noticed as I sat through them this
year,
Is the wiggling, squirming female, who is like a
jumping deer.
Yes, you hold your desk down firmly so she won't
spill your ink,
You clutch the corners tightly as you try your best
to think
Of the formula required to complete your answer
sheet,
When Leaping Lena leaps again, dragging up both
her feet.
She chews her nails now—madly—seems so desper-
ately unwrought;
I too feel very badly that she knows completely
nought.
There are many such distractions as you write
examinations;
And the teacher sometimes also bothers me when he
stops, and frowns or gazes,
At the sentences or phrases that I worded so re-
spectfully.
My brain will just not operate when supervisors
hesitate in my vicinity.

Anon.

Lament of the Ancient Cree

I was a boy whose pride and joy
Was a pony's leaping stride,
In the long ago when the buffalo
Roamed over the prairie wide.
Now the sad wind moans through the hollow bones
And speaks of the days long done,
And the wheatfields wave o'er the buffalo's grave
In the land of the rising sun.

Still in my dreams it often seems
I can feel my blood run high,
And in rustling wheat I can hear the feet
Of the buffalo herd go by.
Those days are gone, but my dreams live on,
But never again will I be
On my pony swift where the buffalo drift
Except in my memory.

Peggy Fraser.

Evils

Bedford Collegiate is best, no doubt,
And is noted the land throughout,
But gather round me and I'll speak
Of the evils that happen every week.

It's early morning when you rise,
You shiver and start to close your eyes,
But finally to school you go,
Whether it be rain or snow.

Goodness! Horrors! You are late!
With Mr. MacLennan you have a date.
Now you know the thing I mention,
You guessed it right—it is detention.

Detention does not agree with me,
It brings on awful misery.
When I get detention I lose my sleep,
Counting numbers, instead of sheep.

Now if you don't agree with me,
Try it once and then you'll see.
But if you like the things I mention,
Brother! You'll just *love* detention!

Margaret Leith.

The Blight of Winter Days

Oft in the chilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
For fear of freezing stiff in bed,
I pull my blanket 'round me.
I'm numb, I'm blue,
You would be too;
The therm's gone down to sixty,
I creak with cold—
An icy mold
Like hard cement has fixed me.
Thus in the chilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me;
If I'd not pulled my blanket up,
Frozen, morn would have found me.

I feel my toes as one
Joined frozen fast together.
I'll never be thawed out again
'Til leaves this wintry weather.
The draught comes in,
The blanket's thin,
Though I no longer sense it.
The ice appears upon my ears
In lumps, no one knows whence it
Comes in the chilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me;
And that is why I snuggle down
And pull my blanket 'round me.

Anon.

Lucky Girl

The telephone rings—maybe for me,
At the very thought I jump for glee.
It's for my sister; I might have known!
(My father lets out a sorrowful groan!)
It's one of her beaux who wants a date,
I never have any; it must be fate.
I'm not beautiful, not even pretty,
I'm known all over for being witty.
They call me "Pigtails" and sometimes "Specks,"
I'm never seen with the opposite sex.
Although I'm neat, what does it matter?
Every day I seem to grow fatter.
I stopped having sodas and drinking tea,
But when I got weighed I was 203.
What's the use? I'll never get thin,
A handsome man I'll never win!

Frances Leith.

A Spare without a Teacher

Although I'm not so studious,
And my concentration's dubious,
I was working hard one spare,
Dodging paper from the air.
Now a sharp-shooter from behind
Shoots one through the window-blind.
Another whizzes by on high,
Cracks Bernie Persick in the eye.
Now Bernie jumps, as quick as light,
Turns around and wants to fight.
The students, all with solemn looks,
Are concentrating on their books.
Bernie thinks he's found his man,
Wants to get him if he can.
Bernie takes a 'lastic out,
And hits "Streak" right in the snout.
Streak lets out an awful howl,
Someone at the back cries "Foul!"
The echo now begins to ring,
But nothing happens—not a thing.
Mr. Reesor, with silent tread,
Through the doorway sticks his head;
Now a missile from the rear
Slams right up against his ear.
Now this makes him mad as sin,
Hit by paper from within;
All the boys see the joke,
And some fun begin to poke.
Mr. Reesor now calms down,
But still he wears an awful frown.
"Boys, can't you be left alone?
Will I have to send you home?
It never would be right to cater
To boys who persist in shooting paper.
So all of you tonight must stay,
Until for lost time you can pay.

Extract for "The Screech Owl".

Alumni

*Friendships that have stood the test—
Time and change — are surely best.*

H. Van Dyke

Many of the Alumni of 1945-46 are seeking further education at other centres of learning.

Those attending the U. of S. are: Bob Condon, Jim Denholm, Margaret Mackay, Jim Westcott, Ferne Robinson, Sheila Reesor, Murray Robins, Aileen Anderson, Phyllis Kuzminski, Betty Bint, Hugh McCurdy, Dave Newsham, Violet Ostafichuk, Helen Pesklevits, Olga Waschuk, Victor Welch, Harry Maynard, Walter Shyluk, Beryl Swan and Georgina Jersak.

Those attending local business colleges are: Emma Fior, Erie Holmes, Ramona Naismith, Viola Baerg, Frances Maber, Doris Tweed and Pat Joiner.

Graduates who are working are: Ina Mathieson, Shirley Headley, Shirley Phillips, Anne Spencer, Ruby Carmichael, Margaret Powley, Philip Guppy, Bob Ranson and Charlie Trask.

Quite a number of the girls of Class '46 are training to be nurses: Vivian Bodashevsky, Mildred Henning, Muriel Lozawchuk, Betty McRuvie, Dorothy Payne, Ethel Puszkarenko, Pat Robertson, Ann Goerzen, Rose Tooke and Joan McLaren.

Members of the 1946 Class: We wish you all success in your chosen careers! Good luck to you, one and all!

The 1947 Alumni Ball



Bedford's annual Alumni Dance was held on Friday, March 7, 1947. The Gym was decorated in traditional red and white streamers; balloons of every shape and color were suspended from the ceiling. Gordie King's Orchestra played dreamy waltzes, fox trots and his famous blues. Phil Guppy, an ex-Bedfordite of Class '46, was the capable master of ceremonies. One hundred or more couples enjoyed the evening dancing and renewing acquaintances and friendships of former years.

A delightful lunch was served in the Library after which dancing continued until 12.15.

The patrons and patronesses were Mr. and Mrs. J. R. MacKay, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. McEown and Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Reesor.

On the Tip of the Tongue

Mr. MacKay: "Students, I have an announcement to make."

Mr. MacLennan: "And why were you late?"

Mr. Batyski: "I like to have a happy class, but—"

Mrs. Burton: "You're excused."

Mrs. Carpenter: "Let's get to work—"

Mr. Chapman: "You're not in kindergarten any more."

Miss Day: "Now, getting back to Latin—"

Mr. Dobson: "It's not visiting hours."

Mr. Dyck: "I should take a collection every time I give you a sermon."

Mr. Ellis: "You should follow instructions more carefully!"

Mr. Farrell: "All right now . . . all right!"

Mr. Fisher: "Oh, but class, you're not listening."

Miss Gregory: "I remember once in France . . ."

Mr. Hammersley: "Now, we'll run through the earth worm again."

Mr. Headley: "You people will never learn!"

Mrs. Little: "Steady, girls."

Mr. Lydiard: "Who wants to be referee? I have a few matters to attend to."

Miss MacDermid: "Give me your attention, please."

Mr. Macdonald: "All those who can't answer, stand!"

Mr. McEown: "Have you any question there?"

Mr. McPherson: "Get it down to a roar. Remember Mr. MacLennan's tea party after school."

Mr. Manning: "Now . . . we're here to work."

Mrs. Morgan: "Don't get noisy, class."

Mr. Reesor: "See me at the end of the period."

Miss Roper: "Mr. MacLennan will be here later."

Who's Who in the Zoo?

1. Love at their age.
2. Three heads are better than one, eh, Perna?
3. Aren't those seniors mean?
4. Hey, Marlene, is it heavy?
5. Hey, wait for me.
6. Hark to the days of your childhood.
7. Revenge is sweet, eh Willis?
8. Slipped or were you pushed?
9. Hyde Park practicing, Jerry?
10. Workin' on the railroad.
11. Love those "three for ten" monstrosities.
12. Bet it was a grand party.
13. Down on the farm.
14. Guess which one? —I know.
15. Mr. Chapman should know about this budding dramatic talent.
16. Early birds . . .
17. "Goin' my way—?"
18. That's real chivalry.
19. The little man without his big accordion.
20. Wait 'til your grandchildren get hold of that.
21. Playin' hard to get.
22. Mmmnn . . . nice.
23. Playing store.
24. Bet she didn't know.
25. Who is the nice smile for, Pete?
26. Something bothering you, Donovan?
27. "Allah be praised."
28. Workin' your way through high school.
29. Brother and sister love.
30. Nice girl . . . nice.



ACTIVITIES

First and Fourth Year Party



On a bleak October night, the 25th to be exact, a crowd of jittery freshies and self-confident seniors gathered in the Bedford gym for the First and Fourth Year party. At 7.30 a few of the more courageous ones started the ghost walk. I still shudder to think of it!

Upon reaching the upper hall, we were welcomed by screams, weird music, grating chains, and ghostly figures flitting back and forth. These ghosts led the walk from one ghastly terror to another! First we were met by dead bodies (?), and blanched skeletons (whatever made that skull glow?). Down the black hall we went, brushing aside cobwebs and bats, until we reached the lab. Sickening odors of rotten eggs reached our nostrils and suddenly, in a flash of light, there in full color was "Lena the Hyena"! Now through a musty rock bottomed tunnel, past dishes of liver and porridge (one way of getting your hands washed), smash into an electric shocker and at last, after staggering down the stairs, the sanctuary of the bright lower hall again.

Once there, we were divided into groups and taken from one room to another, all the time being entertained royally by the different Fourth Year classes, each presenting a show and a game. Into the Library we poured to see an entertaining movie.

Now the event of the night, "The Mogul Court." The accused were rounded up and locked in the dressing room. One by one they came out and received a "fair trial." The guilty ones walked on worms (the old spaghetti trick, and it still works), jumped from "heights," and got cream pies in the face.

This was quickly followed by the mainstay of every party—food!

Then came the dancing, music being provided by "ye olde juke box." Only too soon came the strains of "Home Sweet Home," but I am sure both the seniors and freshies went home with a little kindlier feeling for each other.

The Fourth Year Tea

This year the "Toujours Pretes" Club had the pleasure of welcoming to B.R.C.I. the new girls in Grades X, XI and XII. This delightful tea was held in the sewing room, October 9.

Miss Gregory and Mrs. Carpenter poured tea at a dainty lace-covered table centred with fall flowers and white tapers. Fourth Year girls acted as serviteurs.



A delightful musical program was arranged: a vocal solo, "The Last Time I Saw Paris," sung by Gladys Duda, and "Piano Ramblings" by Bernice Beatty.

This social gathering, the first of its kind in our school, was very successful. It gave the new girls an opportunity to meet their classmates and helped make them feel more at home at B.R.C.I.

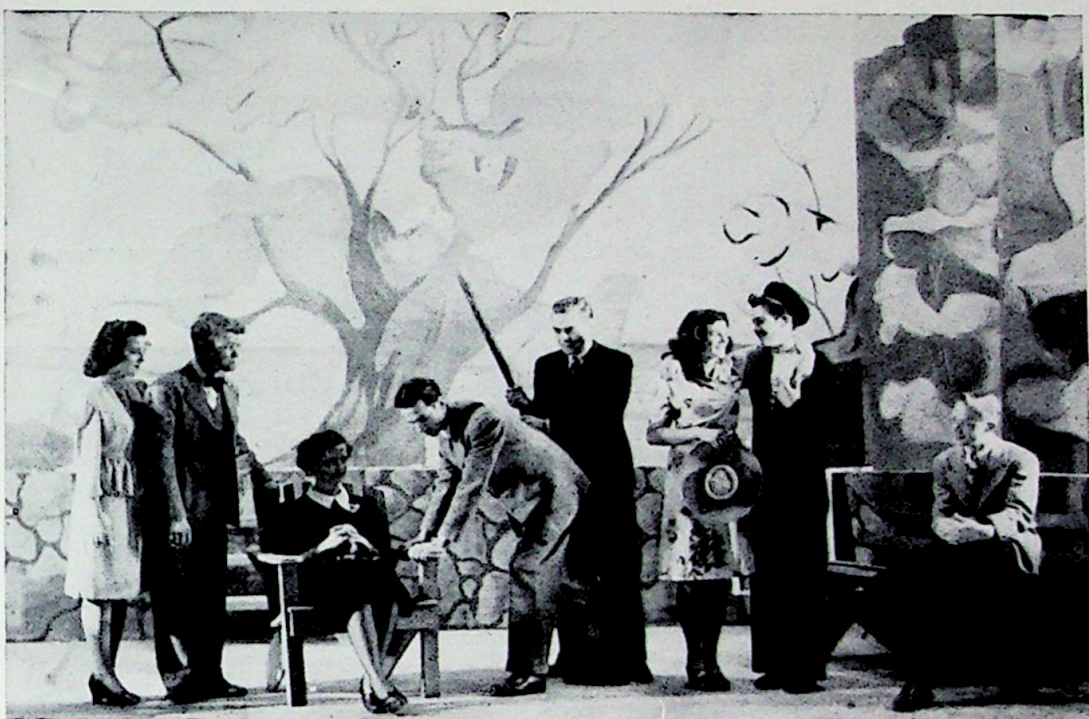
Initiation

Upon entering the halls of ye olde Bedford on this fateful day, we stop and blink! What monstrosities are these? Can they be the same sweet, lovable freshies and freshettes that had adorned our halls just a day or so ago? They seem to avoid us, but, persistent as we are, we elbow up to see if we can recognize any of these outcasts.

After looking them over carefully, we see the freshettes femininely attired in original Bedford fashions. Their hair looks lovely (for Hallowe'en), half straight, and the rest in curlers. Their innocent faces are beautifully dotted with red lipstick. Over pajama bottoms, which are tucked in at the feet, and a man's shirt, each girl wears a nightgown. This is held above the knees by means of a rope tied daintily around the waist. Dangling from this rope is the raw material of Bedford's own perfume "eau d'onions". In their hand they carry a broom. Some freshies claim this is to drive the seniors home but it will actively serve in sweeping halls and sidewalks. On the end of the broom is a colored handkerchief filled with fruit for the "big sisters". As they march hesitantly into their rooms, we can see written on a huge placard, which each one carries, those adorable words, "We love our Seniors" (?) The freshies, not to be outdone by their little female friends, obligingly abandon their occupation of rolling onions down the hall, to present themselves for our careful scrutiny. Draped daringly over one eye is a silk stocking which covers all their curly locks. The boys, who have their noses painted red, have the advantage of being able to use make-up. Their long underwear is nearly covered by a suit vest and plaid skirt. Odd shoes look startling, and one freshie is heard to remark, "Gee, I have another pair just like these at home." They carry a large rhubarb leaf in a hand sheathed with a mitt.

Thus attired, the freshies and freshettes lead a parade of Bedford students to Cairns Field to witness the first rugby game of the season. Such was Bedford's 1946 initiation—a great success from every point of view, as the seniors enjoyed their short-lived mastery while the freshies likewise enjoyed acting as silly as their appearance would indicate.

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Light the Lantern Dance



A low hush fell over the assembled Bedfordites as Pat Lawson and Ken Maynard "lit the lantern" to open the school's social season. Ron O'Hara was the versatile master of ceremonies while Mr. and Mrs. MacKay and Mr. and Mrs. MacLennan acted as patrons and patronesses. They were amazed by the antics of the "jitterbugs." Of course, the usual cokes and honeys were welcomed by the hungry crowd. The first dance of the year was a rollicking success and freshies and seniors alike enjoyed the time of their lives.

Hallowe'en Dance



Hallowe'en comes but once a year, but this year B.R.C.I. celebrated it in the form of a Hard Times Dance. All the students came prepared to have a good time, dressed in a manner befitting the occasion. The winners of the costume contest were Ruth Ross and Bob Svoboda. Patrons and patronesses for the evening were Mr. and Mrs. Lydiard, Mr. and Mrs. McEown and Miss MacDermid.

The program was a gala affair; Terry Maher was the able master of ceremonies. Lunch consisted of cokes, dixie cups and doughnuts. After refreshments, Mr. Lydiard and Terry introduced the rugby

team which was to play the final game the following day. After the cheering subsided, dancing continued until the strains of the Home Waltz echoed down the halls, whereupon the weary and bedraggled students wended homeward.

Cappy Ricks

Orchids to Bedford's Dramatic Club for their fine presentation of this three-act comedy.

The story was tied together with "la douce amour," rollicking comedy, side-splitting farces and superb acting. The title role of Cappy was convincingly done by Wilfred Johnston (who has proved his acting prowess in other Bedford productions). It was a very difficult part but was mastered thoroughly by Wilf. Others in the play were Marlene Lathey as Cappy's pretty secretary; Stanley Danbrook, Cappy's mousey bookkeeper; Rosemary Chernik, Cappy's beautiful daughter; Herb Sparrow, the young lawyer; Peter Sikorski, a friend of the family (a very fine comedian); Don Way, Cappy's violent rival; Peggy Brand, Cappy's spinster sister.

Mr. Jack Farrell directed the play, Mr. F. Chapman was stage manager and Mrs. H. Burton was in charge of the costumes.

The "would-be Westmores" of the make-up crew were under the direction of Earl Askwith, and Ivan Edwards was master of the stage crew.

Again we wish to congratulate everyone who made this fine production such a success and we all hope to see another such Dramatic Club presentation next year.

Remembrance Day Service



The staff and student body of Bedford Road Collegiate assembled in the auditorium on November 8, 1946, to pay grateful tribute to those who made the supreme sacrifice in the First and Second World Wars.

The program was as follows:
"O Canada"

Invocation offered by Rev. R. W. K. Elliott
"Land of Hope and Glory"

Reading Peggy Brand
"The Lord's Prayer" sung by Ruth Ross
Introduction of the Guest Speaker Mr. MacKay
Address Rev. R. W. K. Elliott
Laying of Wreath Pat Lawson and Ken Maynard
Last Post
Reveille

"O God Our Help in Ages Past"
God Save the King
Benediction

Third Year Party



On the night of November 15th, the doors of Bedford opened to the "Third Year Gang." Then the fun began. Norm Henick, our M.C. for the evening, got the dance off to a flying start with a series of bingos, opened by Marlene Lathey and Brian Little. As the evening wore on, winners continued to set the pace. Joy Hargreaves and Jerry Muzyka; Lyn Blanchard and Reg Brown were winners of novelty dances. Then came the supper waltz. During the lunch of cokes and cookies, the Third Years were favored with two songs, "Do You Love Me?" and "It's Only Human," by Anne Hesford. For further entertainment, Lyn Blanchard gave an excellent piano rendition of Deep Purple and a theme from Tchaikovsky's Sixth Symphony. The balance of the evening was spent in dancing. The spot dance was won by Marge Gilles and Nick Patola.

Time flew by and soon, all too soon, came the Home Waltz and the end of the "Third Year Party."

Second Year Party

What a night! Truly a night to remember. The students braved the cold of November 22 weather to join in the fun and laughter of the Second Year Party.

With Bill Hunter in charge of the entertainment, the program began with a skit from each House. Then everyone enjoyed a group of games, side-splitting ones (literally).

After a delicious lunch, our master of ceremonies, Gordon Eshpeter, took over. Selections, both sweet and low, from our best albums, were played and

everyone joined in the dancing. A spot dance was won by Gerry Roper and Eugene McCurdy. Elizabeth Fisher and Louis Vizer carried off the prize for an elimination dance. A special feature of the evening was a waltz contest, honors going to Joy Paterson and Ted Dawson. Another lucky prize winner was Don Hambleton—yes, he won the door prize!

So ended a wonderful evening, and we all trudged home wearily, but happily.

Christmas Dance



Exams were over—Christmas was approaching. What could be better before the holidays than a Christmas Dance? After a strenuous week of exams, everyone turned out to make this dance, sponsored by the Student House Council, a gala affair. With Don Rorison acting as master of ceremonies, dancing took place in the gaily decorated gym. There were several novelty dances and Australian tags to add variety to the evening. Father Xmas did not visit us this year, but his presence was felt, and everyone took part in the festivities. After a delicious lunch, dancing was resumed and, when the Home Waltz came, it was agreed that it had been a wonderful night.

The Second Year Teas



The sewing room was attractively decorated and delicious odors floated down the halls. Yes, the Second Years had been working all afternoon to accomplish perfection for their annual tea. Each class was allotted a special afternoon during which they decorated, arranged, cooked and trimmed.

The girls made the lunches which they served to parents and friends. The girls appeared in lovely dresses, sweaters, skirts and blouses to meet each other's parents, chat, and serve attractive and appetizing food. A hostess from each class was chosen, and a short program was drawn up. Each class invited its own teachers as special guests. All planned and worked hard, endeavouring to outshine the other class, and all succeeded in making a complete success of entertaining their guests at Bedford Road.

Ladies' Nite



Well, all the Daisy Maes got their Li'l Abners. The dance proved very successful with Shirley Dahlen as mistress of ceremonies. The gym was gaily decorated in a very festive way with Valentines, Li'l Abners, etc. The program consisted mainly of ladies choices, with eliminations, spot dances and contests throughout the program. The patrons and patronesses were Mr. and Mrs. McEown, Mr. and Mrs. Farrell and Mr. and Mrs. Little.



WINNING CHURCHILL HOUSE PLAY

Left to right: Margaret Leith, Jackie Moir, Dave Mitchell (director), Nick Patola, Iris Fletcher, Nick Semenoff, Marian Konopka. Centre: Gordon Stewart. Missing: Luther Bergstrom (director).

College Night

College Night marked a triumphant night for Churchillites. Since the beginning of our annual College Night events, Baldwin had succeeded in winning the honors—but not this time. Although the House of Baldwin won the ticket sales, the cup for the best play went to Churchill.

Churchill was fortunate in that the play they produced was written by one of our own teachers, Mr. J. Farrell. It proved to be highly entertaining and the cast played their parts well. "Luther and the Ladies" was directed by Dave Mitchell and Luther Bergstrom. The cast was as follows: Gordon Stewart, Margaret Leith, Nick Patola, Jackie Moir, Marian Konopka, Iris Fletcher and Nick Semenoff.

Mrs. Olson, who acted as the adjudicator, gave second place to the House of Roosevelt for their presentation of "Sunday Costs Five Pesos." In the cast were Bill Hunter, who won the honors as the best male actor, Isobelle Long, June Bridgeman, Irene Sands and Anna McKee. The play was under the

capable direction of Shirley Dahlen and Bob Svoboda.

Irwin's "Courtship," directed by Ruby Ann Levorsen and Joan Denyer, ran in third place. The play was rather difficult to work with, but the cast handled it well. Wilf Johnston, Joyce Denholm, Virginia Kelly, Savella Heyko and Dave Green were the stars.

"Make Room for Rodney," although in fourth place, was thoroughly enjoyed by the audience. The Baldwin directors were Sylvia Gertler and Beulah Sklar, while the performers were Mary Appleton, who won the female honors, Ethel Sklar, Frances Leith, Jack Cambridge, Lorne Glauser, Peter Sikorski and Les (The Wheaties Boy) Edwards. One scene in particular captured the audience's fancy and appeared to steal the whole show.

Not only are honors due to the directors and casts, but also to the stage and makeup crews, the usherettes and all those who took part in the intermission entertainment. All these and numerous others worked hard to make this year's College Night a great success.

Second Year Party

Did March come in like a lion? Ask any student who attended the Second Year Party on February 28. The evening started merrily to the tune of sleigh bells, and after an hour's ride around the city with several slight mishaps, the laughing, singing Second Years were deposited at the Collegiate.

Joy Paterson acted as mistress of ceremonies, and dancing provided an enjoyable evening. Prizes for spot dances were won by Mary Appleton and Garry Doyle; Kathleen Carmichael and Eugene McCurdy. The elimination dance was won by Marjorie Antonik and Peter Korol. With appetites whetted by fresh air and exercise, justice was done to the delicious lunch. All in all, it was a grand night—and don't forget to ask about the lion and the lamb.

Third and Fourth Year Party

The first day of spring was welcomed at Bedford by the Third and Fourth Year Party. The program, arranged and directed by a fourth year, Bill Campbell, consisted of eliminations, spots and various other novelty dances. The prizes for the winners were donated by the Third Year students. Everyone was in the spirit of the evening and seemed to enjoy the waltzes, fox trots and jive recordings.

After the party was well under way, the supper waltz was sounded and a group of hungry fellows and girls quickly put away the cokes, dixie cups and tarts. During lunch a series of the ever-popular Al Jolson records were played.

Teachers present at the party were Mrs. Carpenter, Mr. Manning, Mr. Farrell, Mr. Fisher and Mr. Macdonald.

As the evening progressed, the dancing continued until the time allotted had run out—much too quickly, it seemed. With Easter exams in the offing, the Third and Fourth Years had successfully accomplished one last gay fling before settling down to some real work.

Then as the Home Waltz announced the closing of a merry time, one hundred and fifty students made their way reluctantly home.

The Lantern Dance



everyone entered the dance.

Subscriptions to the Lantern were presented to

Every Bedfordite was swinging in three-quarter time at Waltz Night—the annual Lantern Dance. Indeed, January 24th was a “red and white” letter night and every lad and his lass “tripped the light fantastic” in the gay spirit of the evening. Under Pete Sikorski's efficient direction and to the swing and sway waltz records,

June Hutson and Ron O'Hara—winners of the waltz contest, and there were many other surprise packages awarded to the winners of novelty dances. Honoring the dance by their presence as patrons and patronesses were Mr. and Mrs. Dyck, Mr. and Mrs. Manning, and Mr. and Mrs. Ellis.

The Bulletin Contest

Congratulations to Irwin and flowers to the editor, Joan Denyer, for a fine edition of our weekly bulletin! All the bulletins were exceptionally well written, with second place being occupied by Baldwin, edited by Bill Chalk, while Roosevelt and Churchill brought up the third and fourth places with June Bridgeman and Marion Gajdycz as the respective editors. Every bulletin covered a wide variety of items about school news. The editors and their assistants worked hard and are highly commended for the time and energy they gave so unselfishly to compose a paper worthy of their House's name. Truly, this year's competition was a success, and it is due to the fine response and co-operation each editor received. Thanks are also due to the judge of the contest who this year was Jim Denholm, former editor. Good adjudication was given, just, both in criticism and praise. Once more we thank and congratulate all those who participated in the annual competition.

Who's Who in the Zoo?

1. “Found” by Rosemary.
2. Pick on someone your own size, fellas.
3. Can Spring be far behind?
4. Wait 'til you get to fourth year.
5. She's hoardin'.
6. Why didn't we know about this?
7. Lucky boy.
8. Out at Beaver Creek . . . Ken?
9. Ahem!
10. Too bad you weren't a girl.
11. Freshie hard at his homework.
12. What brought this on?
13. Somethin' slipped, girls.
- 13a. What, no books?
14. The year he turned pro.
15. More fun.
16. How much did you pay them? (It's good.)
17. Are those your own?
18. Daily Dozen.
19. Never knew there were so many freshies.
20. Improvement(?)
21. What is the matter with the Bedford beauties?
22. One of the faithful footers.
23. Is it cold, Bill?
24. Those morning blues.
25. Leona, incognito.
26. Aren't they heavy, June?
27. Reg—down at the swimming pool.
28. Luther, how you did grow up!
29. Tell us the joke.
30. Must be a touchdown.



CLUB CORNER

T. P. Club

The T.P. Club was organized at the beginning of the term with Miss Gregory as staff representative; Shirley Dahlen, president; Betty Stein, vice-president; Margaret Strelloff, secretary-treasurer; and a representative from each house. During initiation, each Senior girl chose a Freshette as little sister. Later, the club gave a tea for all new girls in B.R.C.I.—the first of its kind in our Collegiate. The annual Ladies' Night was also held on February 14. All in all, the club has had a very eventful and successful year, and we wish the same along with the best of luck to the 1947-48 "Toujours Pretes."

Albani Choir



This year the Albani girls and B.R.C.I. boys have been very busy rehearsing for a three-act "Variety Night" which tells of sailors and their travels.

The choir certainly is a popular activity. This year there were so many girls wanting to join the Albani that Mr. Dyck found it necessary to divide them into two groups just to get everyone on the stage for at least one act. We know that in the future the choir will be as successful as it has been in the past. Mr. Dyck is the capable conductor of the Albani Choir.

Junior Dramatics



The Junior Dramatic Club is in full swing again, meeting every Wednesday afternoon during the first period. With Mrs. Burton as director, we know the club will be a great success. At first, they reviewed all the fundamentals of good drama, and at present are practicing two plays and a pantomime.

Mogul Club

Soon after the opening of the school term, the senior boys met to form the Twenty-third Mogul Club, with Mr. Farrell as staff representative. The following officers were elected: President, Jack McCaig; vice-president, Ray Hamilton; secretary-treasurer, Ed Epp; executive, Dave Gertler and Gordon McFarlane.

Initiation was carefully planned and successfully carried out. Later, a combined Mogul-T.P. First and Fourth Year party was held, which proved to be a great success.

Leaders' Corps

The P.T. Leaders Corps was organized rather late this year but nevertheless has achieved its purpose. The members of this club are taught to take a prominent place in P.T. classes and to lead the others. They are planning to get uniforms and crests next year for those who are successful in passing the rigid tests. The group meets every Friday and is supervised by Mr. Lydiard.

Boys' Tumbling Club

The Boys' Tumbling Club was reorganized this year after a lapse of a year or two. Although most of the members were new to this type of sport, many showed great promise and an outstanding group will be seen in action next year at B.R.C.I. Many Grade IX boys showed particular interest and soon became as skilful as the older boys. We wish every success to the group and to Mr. Lydiard, their capable leader.

Archery Club



After a slight delay due to the shortage of equipment, the Archery Club got under way. Since then, new equipment has been purchased and new members instructed in the use of it. The instructor of this club is Mr. MacLennan; president, Ken Little; secretary, Muriel Carley. The club consists of sixteen members—boys and girls; old and new. They meet every Wednesday at 7 p.m. in the Bedford gym.

Inter-School Christian Fellowship

To many students, this organization may not be familiar. It is a group made up of students from every Church denomination who are interested in learning more about the Bible. Besides having Bible study, our group has various activities for fun, fellowship, and devotion during the year. This group is interested in every student and would urge those who are interested to get in touch with Jake Dick, the president. To Mr. MacKay and Mrs. Little, we wish to express our heartfelt gratitude for their kindness in making it possible for us to have our noon meetings each day.

Writers' Club

Anyone going into Mrs. Morgan's room on Wednesday afternoon would find about twenty-five boys and girls busily writing or rewriting stories, poems, jokes and limericks.

This club consists of students from the various years. They write an article each week and, incidentally, have turned out some good material for the Lantern this year.

Social Dancing

Social dancing is taught in the auditorium by Mrs. Little every Wednesday after dismissal. The class lasts from thirty to forty minutes. All members are students who do not know how to dance and wish to learn. The large class is divided into eight groups, each with a leader. This helps our very capable Mrs. Little in teaching our "eager-beaver dancers."

Art Club

A few students from Bedford are seen each Thursday night along with other Collegiate students at the Art Class held at the Tech. Under the supervision of Mr. Lindner, they have spent many worthwhile and enjoyable hours in work of different types. Anyone walking into the room would see many colorful displays of art which have been done by the students. They learn the fundamentals of good art, which will aid them later in advanced work in this field.

This year the number of students participating in club activities has greatly increased. These clubs give us an opportunity to meet those who have similar interests and hobbies. We would like to urge each student to be active in the club or clubs of his choice and interest. To all the teachers who have aided in club work, we would like to express our heartfelt thanks for their kind instruction and advice.

Rosemary Chernik

Hearn's

Outfitters to
Young Men and Men
who stay young

Just North of Capitol Theatre

The Variety Show



March 13th and 14th saw the auditorium of B.R.C.I. filled with an eager crowd of students, parents and friends, gathered to behold the Variety Show presented by the Albani Choir.

"Ashore, Asea, Adrift," or "Just All Wet," was a delightful nautical fantasy which carried the audience with song and dance into the sailor's world of work and romance.

Performed by jolly tars and lively lasses, the program was one of rollicking choruses, tender solos, sprightly jigs and graceful dances.

While ashore, the sailors enjoy their leave with love, laughter and song. But all must be left behind and, once at sea, the work-a-day world again closes in on them. Night with magic fingers weaves her spell and the maids of their dreams come to life in a beautiful dance and chorus.

The final act is a medley of folk dances and songs performed by lovely ladies. The trip ends with a rousing chorus, "Anchors Aweigh," as they turn the ship homeward. Once again we were thoroughly pleased with a really good production.

The Bryant Oratory Contest

The Bryant Oratory Contest has become a tradition in our schools, and although Judge Bryant has passed away, it is the wish of Mrs. Bryant to carry on the splendid project started by her husband.

On the afternoon of January 23, 1947, the elimination contest at Bedford Road was held to determine our representative at the Northern Saskatchewan semi-final.

The first speaker was Wilfred Johnston, who gave a good presentation on the theme "The Royal Canadian Mounted Police." The speech was well prepared and presented in a clear, concise manner.

The second speaker was Margaret Brand, who chose for her topic, "Canada, the Land I Love." This patriotic theme was well handled in every respect and greatly inspired the listeners.

The third speaker was Dorothy Kalman, who spoke on the momentous "Problems of the Peace." This was clear and enlightening, and effectively expressed the problems facing the peacemakers of the world.

Speakers were judged on subject matter, voice magnetism, forcefulness, fluency, and articulation. Of the three contestants, Dorothy Kalman was chosen to represent Bedford in the semi-final held at Nutana Collegiate, where she was judged to be second.

This has brought honor both to Dorothy and to Bedford Road Collegiate, and she deserves our wholehearted congratulations.

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LIBRARY STAFF MEMBERS, 1946-47

Mary Elmore, Jackie Moir, Margaret Jackson, Perna Banting, Jean Jackson, Jean Neelin, Olga Ferbey, June Bridgeman, Shirley McKee, Marie Flynn, Adele Houle, Mary Thompson, Dorothy Adamson, Pauline Broughton, Margaret Walberg, Shirley Walton, Joy Hargreaves, Betty Holfeld, Jean Moreton, Pat Johnson, Viola Moore, Laura Walker, Inez Thompson, Muriel Ljunggren, Shirley Clark, Lois Gould, Pat Denyer, Audrey Cox, Betty Steel, Jean MacKay, Shirley Buchanan, Doreen White, June Sweeney, Myrtle Alldred, Rosemary Chernik, Brian Falcon, Peggy Fraser, Walter Banting, Rose Boyd, Joyce Blampied, John Woytuck, Phyllis Laughton, Stan Danbrook, Don Way.

"A good book is the precious lifeblood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."

MILTON.

A library without a school is commonplace. But a school without a library is becoming a rarity. Throughout Saskatchewan, emphasis is being placed upon school library development as a fundamental aspect of progressive education. In this movement Bedford has been in the vanguard. Indeed, the Bedford vision of the true function of its library goes beyond that of an adjunct of the classroom. To us, the library is destined to become the very core of the educational institution—possibly with a few classrooms and teachers scattered about.

It is particularly gratifying to know that the intrinsic value of our library in the lives of our young people is being recognized, not only in theory but in actual practice, by our Collegiate Board. During

recent years the Board has increased its annual grant to the library from fifty to four hundred dollars. As a result, we all may look forward to having at our disposal considerable new material on the shelves next year.

As in the past, we owe much to the generous help rendered by our student staff behind the desk. Without this tangible co-operation by these public-spirited young men and women, library service would be quite inadequate to meet the growing demands of our student body—yes, and of our teaching staff. So let us give them a "hand"!

In conclusion, we thank all students and all teachers for their tolerant attitude expressed at all times so pleasantly. We assure all our friends that it has been a privilege to share, however humbly, in our common task of exploring new realms of thought, leading, in the words of Milton, to "a life beyond life."

THE

*Graduating
Class*

'46-'47



T. H. Day, B.A. Muriel Adamson Stewart Baldwin Perna Banting Walter Banting Jack Cambridge Tabitha Chyz



Bill Cook Jean Cuthand Joyce Denholm Gladys Duda Art Fast Violet Fidgett Iris Fletcher



Sylvia Gertler Ray Hamilton Eugene Hearn Jean Howes Shirley Howes Margaret Jackson Helon Jasek



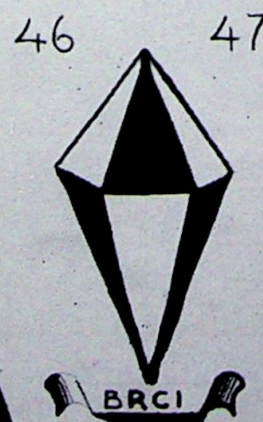
Bob Klassen Martin Kowalka Alex Kostyna Ken Maynard Orest Moysiuk Bob Murray Joan Olstad



Elizabeth Rogoman Ken Ross Calvin Russell Claude Sands Irma Schmidt



Genevieve Schwanbeck Cathie Sutherland Kay Sutherland Helen Yanow



4a

MISS DAY—

*She waters her flowers each passing day,
Just as she looks after her darling 4A.
She's been lots of fun these past four years,
And has happily banished our doubts and fears.*

MURIEL ADAMSON—Une petite jeune fille is our very efficient class secretary. She hopes that she will some day become a dress designer. Lots of luck, Muriel.

GWEN BAERG—is a former student of Bedford Road. She is completing her Grade 12 this year while working downtown part time. Her ambition is to become a capable nurse. Good luck!

STEWART BALDWIN—is planning on going to Varsity next year to take a course in engineering. If his work at school is any indication, we know he will be successful.

PERNA BANTING—How could we do our homework without her? Perna plays the piano and the radio. She intends to go to Varsity, and we hope that she will be successful.

WALTER BANTING—is going to University to study forestry upon completing his Grade 12. He is a hockey enthusiast and a Rover Scout.

JACK CAMBRIDGE—abandoned Tech for B.R.C.I. this year, but plans to return there to take Commercial. He likes to romp on the rugby field and the dance floor, and at present wishes he could "keep up with the Joneses."

TABITHA CHYZ—is a quiet lass but oh, so wise. Medicine is her chosen profession and you can be sure we'll all bring our tonsils to her when she hangs up her shingle.

BILL COOK—The voice of 4A says that he is a star (?) rugby and basketball player. He hopes to be a pharmacist (could that mean a farmer?).

JEAN CUTHAND—is 4A's cheery, carefree girl who hails from Little Pine. Her ambition is to go to Normal School and become a teacher. We wish you luck, Jean.

JOYCE DENHOLM—is 4A's representative to the T.P. Club. She was the capable editor of the Bulletin for the second school term. Joyce intends to go to Varsity, having chosen medicine as her career.

GLADYS DUDA—is a likeable lass who is editor of the Lantern. A career in singing, or perhaps journalism will claim our star pupil.

ART FAST—Is that tall dark boy who is forever laughing. What would we do without him? We're

all sure he will be successful in future life.

VIOLET FIDGETT—4A's only redhead is very sweet tempered. She plans on going to Business College next year. In the meantime she wields a cleaver at Safeway on Saturdays.

IRIS FLETCHER—is the House leader of Churchill and the secretary of the House Council. When she leaves Bedford she plans to go to Business College. We all have been glad to know you, Iris.

DAVE GERTLER—plays a prominent part in Bedford's social functions. He is an enthusiastic supporter of all sports, especially hockey. We hear he is quite an expert at dancing, too.

SYLVIA GERTLER—came to our class from 3B. She is a member of the senior basketball team and plans to become a dietitian upon leaving Bedford. Likeable and genial, Sylvia will doubtless be successful.

RAY HAMILTON—As one of our House leaders, Ray is a well liked and respected student. He is the spark of the school hockey and basketball teams. He also played for the Cubs and Legionnaires. Good luck, Ray.

EUGENE HEARN—is a whiz at speed skating and plans to make a career of it. However, he may decide to become a farmer. Homer, as Eugene is more commonly called, is another capable cheerleader.

JEAN HOWES—is Baldwin's House leader and plays on the senior basketball team. Jean plans to become a nurse. Yes, boys, better pay up those hospitalization fees—fast.

SHIRLEY HOWES—If it weren't for her, we could tell who Jean is. Shirley, too, plans to take a nursing course at Varsity. She is an active member of B.R.C.I. and is the House leader for Irwin.

MARGARET JACKSON—the capable pianist of the Albani Choir, is well liked by all. She has not as yet decided what course to take, but Varsity will capture Marg next year, and we know she will be a great success.

HELEN JASEK—Helen came to us from 3C and has won a prominent place in 4A. Her interests lie in designing clothes and managing her own dress shop. Helen plans on taking Commercial at Tech next year.

BOB KLASSEN—a prominent saxophonist, is in both a local and our own school orchestra. Bob has a cheerful, carefree disposition. He is undecided as to a career, but we wish him the best of luck.

MARTIN KOWALKA—intends to take up chemical engineering at Varsity next year. He is a pleasant, dependable fellow, who spends his summer holidays at Flin Flon. Could her name be "Bituminous"?

ALEX KOSTYNA—is believed to be the most active student—in 4A—except when he slams his head in the door. When he has completed this term, his ambition is to take Medical Science at the Green and White.

KEN MAYNARD—is our Senior Watch, and most successful too. Ken takes an active part in all sports and is a star rugby player. His fiddling would put "Jack" to shame. Thanks Ken, and the best of luck in your Medical career.

OREST MOYSIUK—Although he appears to be the quiet type, Orest has his moments too. He hasn't made definite plans for the future, but whatever field he chooses, we are confident he will make good.

BOB MURRAY—4A seems favored with many leaders, and our Bob is another cheer-leader. He is interested in all sports, especially girls' basketball at Tech. As for a career, Bob hasn't given us a lead.

JOAN OLSTAD—our class president and curling enthusiast hails from Neepawa. Next year will see her taking nursing at the U. of S. If your nursing is like you, Joan, it'll never be a "flop".

ELIZABETH ROGOMAN—is one girl who doesn't mind being called "Lizzie". She plays in the Saskatoon Symphony Orchestra, and being the ambitious girl she is, she is going to work for a few months before starting her music course.

KEN ROSS—4A's big brawny boy, Ken makes his rounds every night, visiting L.B., L.H., and then L.B. again. His ambition is to complete his Grade XII—then he hopes to build bridges.

CALVIN RUSSELL—is another newcomer to our school who is known to all the girls as "the boy with the eyelashes." He is very industrious—we all know he will succeed in whatever vocation he chooses.

CLAUDE SANDS—causes much amusement with his French translation. He is interested in all school activities. When asked what he is going to be, Claude said, "What do they need most?"

IRMA SCHMIDT—wants to take Special Commercial at Tech next year. Now there's a girl that never tires of school, for she even takes classes on Saturday mornings. Irma is quiet, pleasant, and a steadfast friend. Good luck to you!

GENEVIEVE SCHWANBECK—is our literary-minded girl and the assistant editor of The Lantern. Her interests lie in curling and sewing. Her sincere manner we're sure will lead her to a successful dress-making profession.

MARTY STEIGER—Here's another care-free, fun-loving boy. From what I hear, he just loves parties—I wonder why? We wish him luck in whatever he decides to do.

CATHIE SUTHERLAND—came to Bedford late in the term, but at once proved herself capable in her school work, and in extra-curricular activities. A teaching career awaits our Cathie.

KAY SUTHERLAND—is a newcomer too, and has found many friends here. Kay is a lover of music and good fun. She also curls. She plans on a Varsity Course in Nursing, and with those soft brown eyes, we know she'll cause many a weak heart.

HELEN YANOW—the girl with the bell-bottom slacks, also plans to go in training next year. She's a pleasant fair-haired lass who's full of pep and gaiety and really enjoys life.

4b

MR FISHER—

*To help us is the only thought
Of the teacher of 4B.*

*He's always there to lend a hand
In the trials of History.*

EARLE ASKWITH—hopes to become a commercial traveller when he gets through Grade XII. Earle is quite a wit and always has some "corn" to pop. We all wish him success.

MARIANN BAERG—is the beautiful blonde of our room. She plans to go to Normal School next year. If her pupils think as highly of her as her friends at B.R.C.I. do, she will be a great success.

GORDON BARRETT—is another handsome boy in 4B. He is the class president and is interested in all school activities, but, someday he is apt to blow up the school in Chem. Lab. He hopes to be a court reporter.

BERNICE BEATTY—is blonde, beautiful and sweet and is always ready with a helping hand. "Bernie" loves dancing and is an accomplished pianist. We all know she will succeed in her chosen vocation.

LUTHER BERGSTROM—a newcomer to Bedford Road has become one of the studious members of 4B. He is a hard worker in class. Luther hopes to go to University next year. Best of luck!

CYNTHIA BRAIN—takes an active interest in all "forms" of sports. She is well liked by all her classmates. She plans to be a secretary. We all know you will succeed, Cynthia.

JUNE BRIDGEMAN—when asked what she wanted to be, June said, "Just a lady." We feel sure this sport-minded young lass will reach the top in whatever she does decide to do.



H. M. Fisher, B.A.



Earle Askwith



Mariann Baerg



Gordon Barrett



Bernice Beatty



Luther Bergstrom



Cynthia Brain



June Bridgeman



Lois Brotheridge



Marguerite Cameron



Audrey Cox



Shirley Dahlen



Stanley Danbrook



Joan Denyer



Pat Denyer



Ruby Dyck



Irene Evancio



Olga Ferboy



Corny Goerzon



Mabel Grant



Tom Hnatuk



Dorothy Kalman



Jim Kalyn



Hing Lee



Rita Loiselle



Isabelle Long



Shirley McKee



Mary McLaren



Mary McRuvie



Terry Maher



Tholma Olson



Mary Reichardt



Alphonse Roesch



Ruth Ross



Nick Semenoff



Dorothy Spratt



Betty Stein



Mary Strobel



Jean Talbot



May Wallace



Donovan Way



Vic Sipko



LOIS BROTHERIDGE—Lois is a friend of all; she is interested in basketball and baseball. After completing her Grade XII she hopes to study nursing.

MARGUERITE CAMERON—is a quiet newcomer to B.R.C.I. who is interested in journalism. Skating is her favorite pastime. We're glad to have had you for a classmate, Marguerite!

AUDREY COX—is a quiet, studious lass. She is very interested in Home Economics but hopes someday to be a nurse. Good luck to you Audrey!

SHIRLEY DAHLEN—Shirley is both clever and sweet. The whole class agree that she will succeed in any career which she may choose, which at the present is teaching. She is an active member of the Albani Choir and the President of our T.P. Club.

STANLEY DANBROOK—seems very interested in plays. His ambition is to become a teacher. We know he will be successful and wish him lots of luck.

JOAN DENYER—"One of the twins" and she is really a lot of fun. She loves going to shows. Joan wants to be a librarian.

PAT DENYER—Pat is a diligent worker of 4B. Pat's favorite sport is tennis. She plans to go in training at City Hospital next year.

RUBY DYCK—the red head of our class spends her Saturdays typing at the News Agency. Although absorbed in her studies, Ruby is always ready to flash a smile. She wants to be a nurse.

IRENE EVANCIO—takes an interest in all sports, especially swimming and basketball. We are sure her charming personality will ensure her success in her career as an air stewardess.

OLGA FERBEY—is a more cheerful member of our class, in fact where there is merriment there is Olga. She plans to attend Business College next year. She'll do well—wait and see!

CORNY GOERZEN—the blond haired youth of 4B has decided that his future is none too clear, but we wish him success in whatever career he chooses.

MABEL GRANT—Mabel is quite active in school sports and is always willing to do her share. She is still a bit uncertain as to her future but thinks she may take a business course next year.

TOM HNATUK—his future plans are also indefinite but we know that no matter what he decides to do, it will be worthwhile. He is fortunate to have such a winning smile and a pleasing personality. With these he should be successful.

DOROTHY KALMAN—Dorothy always has a smile on her face. She likes sports and is quite a competent pianist. She represented Bedford at the

Bryant Oratory Contest this year. She will enter Varsity next year. Best of luck, Dot!

JIM KALYN—Jim is a cheery lad who takes a keen interest in all school "activities". His future is still a bit uncertain but good luck anyway Jim!

HING LEE—This little lad as yet has no plans for the future. (From what I hear though, a bachelor is definitely out.) 4B wishes you good luck, Hing!

RITA LOISELLE—She's full of fun and is a good sport. Rita came to Bedford a year ago. She is an active member of the Albani Choir.

ISABELLE LONG—Isabelle hails from Naicam, Sask. She is a very welcome addition to our class. She is a petite, fair-haired lass, whose future lies in the field of nursing. Loads of luck, Isabelle!

SHIRLEY McKEE—is certainly an ambitious lass. She is one of our cheer leaders and also the worthy House leader for Roosevelt. It is certain that Shirley will be a great success in her career as a nurse.

MARY McLAREN—Our "Vera Vague" of '47! Her future is apparently "Vague". Mary is very interested in basketball and baseball. With her pleasing personality she is sure to go far.

MARY McRUVIE—is a petite, brunette girl, a friend to all. Though her future is somewhat indefinite we are sure she will succeed in whatever she undertakes.

TERRY MAHER—Terry is the Captain of our rugby team and also excels in basketball and track. He is well liked by all the students and hopes to go to U.B.C. to take Physical Training.

THELMA OLSON—Our "sumpthin" girl. She hopes to become a nurse and we all know she will succeed.

MARY REICHARDT—the basketball team's star centre, who is going to Business College. With her ability and personality she is bound to succeed.

ALPHONSE ROESCH—is one of 4B's new comers, who is certainly on the road to success. He takes a serious interest in his work. He has made many friends at B.R.C.I.

RUTH ROSS—is the "voice" of Bedford Road. She hopes to get her A.T.C.M. in singing next year and after that she plans to go into social work. Lots of luck in both of them Ruth!

NICK SEMENOFF—Nick's future definitely is in radio. Nick likes all sports and is a member of our rugby team. 4B wishes you luck in your future plans, Nick!



F. J. Macdonald, M.A.

Mildred Armbruster

Merton Bourke

Dan Campbell

Bill Campbell

Tom Dunlap



Ed Epp

Brian Falcon

Evelyn Germek

Doris Gjosund

Ken Hardy

Lorraine Holloway

Garry Houghton



Bill Ivison

Tom Jackson

Pat Lawson

Ruby Ann Leverson

Younliah Liftman

Jack McCaig

Gordon McFarlane



Earl Miller

Erzet Moysiuk

Jerry Munro

Craig Murray

Ron O'Hara

John Popoff

Don Rorison



Emma Ryland

Béulah Sklar

Ethel Sklar

Jim Spencer

Eric Smith

Kay Stewart

Margaret Strelloff



Pat Surboy

May Topping

Shirley Uphall

Marian Williams

Lorne Wright

Willis Wright

Mildred Wright

VIC SIPKO—is a quiet, good-looking young man whose main ambition is to join the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. His diversion is sleeping. Well, Vic, we all wish you luck in your life work.

DOROTHY SPRATT—a rather quiet member of our class who is always ready to flash you a friendly smile. She is very interested in Art and upon leaving Bedford she plans to attend Business College.

BETTY STEIN—is a very cheerful girl, interested in tennis and basketball. After graduation she plans to attend the University, where she will take either the Nursing or Educational Course. Best of luck, Betty!

MARY STROBEL—is one of the quietest girls in the class and is often seen working in one of the theatres downtown. Although she doesn't know what her vocation will be, we wish her all the luck in the world!

JEAN TALBOT—is our tall, slim, brunette from Forgan—a most recent and welcome addition to our class! She hopes to be a surgeon and we are sure she will make a good one.

DON WAY—Don is a lively, energetic boy—yes, he's the one who has a friendly smile for everybody. He takes an active interest in all student activities — especially Dramatics.

4c

MR. MACDONALD

*A friend to one, a friend to all,
Ready to help us at our call.
Kind and thoughtful—that's his way,
This we'll recall some future day.*

MARY ALLAN—hails from Montario, near Kindersley. She is always cheerful. Her aim in life is to be a nurse. At singing and guitar playing, she's "tops".

MILDRED ARMBRUSTER—came all the way from Ontario to attend Bedford Road. She plans to be a nurse. Mildred is interested in all sports, particularly basketball.

MERTON BOURKE—we hear very little from him, but much about him. He has taken an active part in sports and was an outstanding rugby player. He hopes to take Pharmacy next year.

DAN CAMPBELL—is very interested in flying and wants to become a pilot. He is very good at sports and was a member of the rugby team. Perhaps he will make his career as an artist, too. Who knows?

BILL CAMPBELL—is another rugby star. Bill is a friendly, happy-go-lucky student who is not quite sure of his vocation choice but here's the best of luck to you, Bill.

TOM DUNLAP—better known as "T'mat" is our star blocker in rugby, also our high jump star, a curler, baseball player, and a sergeant in the Air Cadets. He wants to run his Dad's farm when he graduates from B.R.C.I.

EDWARD EPP—Ed's hearty bursts of laughter reach your ear as soon as you enter Room 10. He manages effortlessly to be a first class scholar. He will be taking Arts and Science next year at U. of S.

BRIAN FALCON—what would 4C be like without his witty remarks? He loves the gay life. Brian plans to become a dentist and we know he will succeed.

EVELYN GERMEK—has made many friends during her four years at Bedford. She is small and dainty; Evelyn has a happy smile and a friendly manner. Next year she is going to University.

DORIS GJOSUND—is a congenial new student who hails from Meacham. Before coming here she attended school at Young. After graduation Doris plans to become a teacher.

KEN HARDY—is one of our musicians—plays not one, but two instruments! I also hear that Ken likes dancing—especially at the Nutana Alumni! We all wish you luck in your chosen vocation, Ken!

LORAIN HOLLOWAY—plans to attend the University of Toronto and become a doctor. She is interested in a 4B lad, so she tells us. Loraine is the girl who can really stretch the stories, just ask her sometime.

GARRY HOUGHTON—plans to buy a store and set up a business for himself. With his line we don't have to wish him success, we just know he will do alright.

BILL IVISON—when Bill leaves these halls he will continue his studies at the College of Medicine at Varsity. He is noted for his musical inclinations, namely dancing and playing the accordion. He is also one of our most prominent students.

TOM JACKSON—is one of our cheer-leaders who helped us cheer our team on to victory. Tom is interested in all sports and was Captain of our soccer team. He played a grand game of tennis at the Inter-Collegiate Tournament. He will be going to the U. of S. next year.

PAT LAWSON—our "Senior Pin" is a prominent member of the Senior basketball team. Pat has taken an active interest in all extra curricular activities and will make an excellent P.T. instructress.

RUBY ANN LEVORSON—too, has been with us these past four years and has been an outstanding student as well as a friend to all. This year she is directing Irwin's play. Her ambition is to be an artist.

YOUNINAH LIFTMAN—her gay laughter and sunny smile will long be remembered by her friends. Youninah is interested in sports and music. She hopes to go to University next year.

JACK McCAIG—is 4C's fashion plate—have you noticed those clothes!!! Come on now Jack—there has to be a reason—who is she? Jack didn't tell us about his future plans but here's luck to him anyway.

GORDON McFARLANE—a sample of 4C's eligible men (?) He plays a strong left guard on the rugby team and is President of the Athletic Council. Best of luck, Gordie!

EARL MILLER—is a brilliant and witty student, in fact his favorite pastime is telling tall stories. Earl plans on going to Varsity next year and with his marks we know he'll succeed.

ERZET MOYSIUK—is another welcome addition to our class. Although we hardly hear from him (he takes all his classes in different places) we think he's an "all round fellow". 4C wishes you luck, Erzet!

JERRY MUNRO—his interests lie mainly in sports and City Park Collegiate. 4C is far from dead when Jerry's around. He was one of Bedford's stars on the rugby field this year. His ambition ??? but lots of luck anyway Jerry!

CRAIG MURRAY—one of our tall 4C boys. He hopes to be either a Mountie or a radio commentator—why not be both Craig? We're sure you'll succeed in which ever one you choose.

RON O'HARA—another of 4C's sparks. Ron has taken an active part in sports around Bedford and when asked what his future plans are, Ron slowly replied, "None."

JOHN POPOFF—his chosen field is Medicine. John is a quiet, brilliant student, to whom we all wish the very best.

DON RORISON—here is another well-known student in the school. Besides being the star kicker on the rugby team, Don takes part in all sports and is Baldwin's House Leader. Varsity will claim this boy next year.

EMMA RYLAND—bubbling over with personality is Emma who wins friends everywhere. She is an outstanding member of the Topping-Upshall-Ryland threesome. Right now Business College seems to be her ambition. Who's the lucky boss, Emma?

BEULAH SKLAR—is one of the brown-eyed, dark-haired favorites of 4C. All her years at Bedford have been successful and she plans to attend the Calgary Dental College next year.

ETHEL SKLAR—is another basketball star. Ethel takes part in all sports and dramatics. She may attend Business College next year. In any case, we know she'll do well.

JAMES SPENCER—is another fun-loving boy. He likes tinkering with radios in his spare time. Jim may go to University next year to take up radio engineering.

ERIC SMITH—what the future holds for him he's not sure but he is headed for Varsity on completion of his Grade 12. Best of luck, Eric!

KAY STEWART—our blue-eyed, dark-haired English lass with the cheery smile and friendly "hello" for all. She'll be leaving us to take a secretarial course next year.

MARGARET STRELIOFF—is small, dark and quiet. She is always pleasant and well liked by all. When she leaves Bedford she will attend Business College.

PAT SURBEY—is the Churchill House Leader and was a member of the rugby team. He hopes to study Law at the University—so good luck to you Pat.

MAY TOPPING—one of our favorite students—May is charming and friendly. She is very interested in singing. May says she hopes to be a reporter. Next year she is going to Tech.

SHIRLEY UPSHALL—takes an active part in all sports and just loves dancing (especially with?!!) Shirley is going to be a steno and will attend Tech. next year.

MARIAN WILLIAMS—wants to go to India as a missionary nurse. In this worthy profession we all wish you success and let's hear from you in future years, Marian. Marian loves skating and is loads of fun.

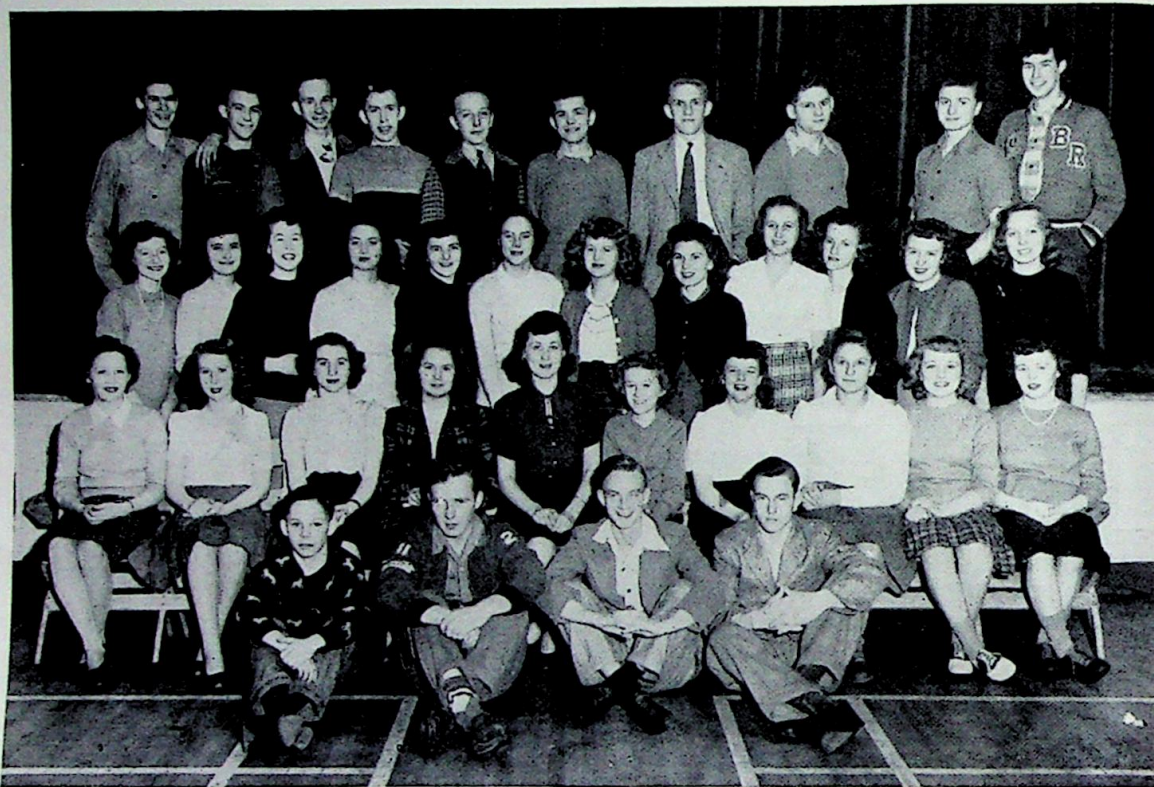
LORNE WRIGHT—is the reason teachers go grey. He is one of 4C's dark, handsome would-be rugby players but he broke his ankle during the first practice. He has definite plans for the future and we all wish him luck.

WILLIS WRIGHT—one of the "Right" brothers is the boy who excels in Math and is a complex element to any Chem. teacher. Here's wishing you a successful future, Willis!

MILDRED WRIGHT—is interested in skating and other winter sports. She wants to take a business course next year and hopes to become a secretary.

JUNIORS

11

B
A
L
D
W
I
N

Back row (left to right): Pete Sikorski, Lorne Glauser, Reg Brown, Hugh Best, Ed Boryski, John Woytuck, Jake Dick, Norman Mathews, Bill Richwa, Les Edwards. Third row: Clarice Sawatsky, Jean Mackay, Shirley Comstock, Betty Steel, Marlene Lathey, Kitty Wood, Shirley Buchanan, Irene Nykiforuk, Bernice Day, Gloria Bobyn, Verna Elke, Dolores Falk. Second row: Donelda Berndt, Josephine Chaben, Edith Rogoman, Erna Klassen, Mrs. Carpenter, Olga Michaluk, Olive Roller, Rosie Demoskoff, Margaret Lindross, Joyce Roberts. Front row: Ron Hodges, Chet Overguard, Herb Sparrow, Herbert Gush.

11 Baldwin

MRS. CARPENTER

*Mrs. Carpenter, our guiding light,
Helps us out of every plight,
She's ready to join in work or play,
And guides us capably day by day.*

MYRTLE ALLDRED

*Myrtle Alldred, a pretty redhead,
Is always saying she'll never wed,
But she likes the boys, that's plain to see
For you never see her with less than three.*

DONELDA BERNDT

*Donelda Berndt is "tres petite,"
And all agree she's very sweet;
We think she has a Romeo,
Can anyone tell us? - for we don't know.*

HUGH BEST

*A quiet boy is our Hugh Best,
We wonder which girl is his quest;
Although in Latin he doesn't excel,
He does everything else very well.*

GLORIA BOBYN

*Gloria is a friendly lass,
Who is liked by all the class.
A pal to all in 11B,
That she'll succeed we all agree.*

EDDY BORYSKI

*Eddy Boryski with hair so fair,
Goes walking around without a care.
He's always happy, never sad,
That's why we're proud of this 3C lad.*

SHIRLEY BUCHANAN

*Shirley Buchanan, our talented blonde,
Merely waves her magic wand,*

And the boys come running many a mile,
Just for a glimpse of her sunny smile.

JOSEPHINE CHABEN

Josephine Chaben is quiet and pleasant,
With homework done she's always present.
She's plenty of fun and witty too,
Often laughs and is never blue.

SHIRLEY COMSTOCK

A pretty girl our Shirley is,
In all she does she is a whiz;
Les and she are a steady pair,
Do you suppose it could be her lovely hair?

BERNICE DAY

Many talents to unfurl
Has Bernice Day, a fair-haired girl;
She's especially fond of basketball,
In schoolwork she has yet to fall.

ROSIE DEMOSKOFF

Rosie is another fair-haired lass,
Whose personality one can't surpass.
We all think that she's just swell,
Yes, everyone certainly wishes her well.

JAKE DICK

A studious lad is our Jake Dick,
It's intelligence that makes him tick.
His marks are something to behold,
He's also lots of fun, I'm told.

LES EDWARDS

Les is a lad who is tall and slim,
'Tis reason why all like him.
He likes the girls, 'tis also said,
Especially those with curls of red.

VERNA ELKE

Verna Elke is quite a lass,
She's the fun-maker of every class.
With her friends, Marg and Mac,
There's a gleeful trio at the back.

DOLORES FALK

Dolores is a girl with long blonde hair,
For sports we find she has a flair;
A friendly girl and full of fun,
Her smile reminds us of the sun.

LORNE GLAUSER

Lorne Glauser is the handsome boy
Who fills the ladies' hearts with joy.
He's always saying, "I hate the dame!"
But they all love him just the same.

HERBERT GUSH

Herbert has an Einstein I.Q.,
Knows all the answers in Algebra too.
It's at the top of his class he rates,
Look at the wonderful marks he makes.

RON HODGES

Ronnie's a lad both short and dark,
To our 3C he's an electric spark.
If there's a sport he doesn't know,
He'll find out, for he isn't slow.

ERNA KLASSEN

If you really want to meet
A girl who is very sweet,
Then call on Erna of 11B,
She's very nice, as you can see.

MARLENE LATHEY

Marlene's as happy as a lark,
She thinks much better in the dark.
"It's a lucky thing," she has always said,
"That men don't talk when they are dead."

MARGARET LINDROSS

Margaret Lindross, "Bubbles" for short,
Is from a certain boy's report,—
A sweet blonde gal with lovely hair,
She and this boy make quite a pair.

JEAN MACKAY

Jean is a bonnie lassie,
Brim full of wit and fun.
She's the apple of Bob's eye,
And a friend to everyone.

NORMAN MATHEWS

Norm Mathews has a question
On any topic that you mention.
He also patches the rugby team,
In First Aid he's "on the beam"!

OLGA MICHALUK

Olga's our "petite jeune fille,"
Thinks French is easy as can be.
She's a very quiet, happy gal,
The kind you can always call a pal.

IRENE NYKIFORUK

Irene Nykiforuk is a sedate lass,
Admired by all in our class.
A friendlier person you'll never find,
And in schoolwork she's never behind.

CHESTER OVERGUARD

Chet, the star tackle of 11B,
Broke his arm fighting for B.R.C.
He's a husky lad with plenty of vim,
There are many girls who are fond of him.

REG BROWN

Reg is a very handsome lad,
With twinkling eyes that are never sad,
A blond-haired girl is his delight,
He never lets her out of sight.

BILL RICHWA

Bill is a handsome boy in class 3C,
An engineer he wants to be.
Now a player on the rugby team,
He's always strictly "on the beam".

JOYCE ROBERTS

Joyce Roberts is a fair haired girl,
I wonder whose heart she's got a-whirl.
She also dreams in 3C Math,
And is the cause of the teacher's wrath.

EDITH ROGOMAN

Edith Rogoman, short and slim,
Has eyes of blue and a figure trim.
Late for school? Oh! no—never!
Bright and active,—is she ever!

OLIVE ROLLER

Olive Roller, trim and small,
Always says "Oh, you doll!"
One who is always tidy and neat,
She's a girl you ought to meet.

CLARICE SAWATSKY

Clarice Sawatsky, a blonde of 3A
Is happy and carefree all the day.
She's always clever and smart in class,
All in all she's a fun loving lass.

PETER SIKORSKI

Who's that man of the ladies' choice?
Who's that man with the mellow voice?
That dashing actor of 11B,
Yes, you've guessed,—Pete Sikorski!

HERB SPARROW

A jovial, carefree lad is he,
Who is as happy as can be.
Worries to him are nothing at all;
In his schoolwork he will never fall.

BETTY STEEL

Betty Steel has hair of brown,
And she'll never let you down.
Also very fond of sports,
And popular too, from all reports.

JOHN WOYTUCK

Although John's from out of town,
He very quickly settled down;
His friendly smile and curly hair,
Are sure to win friends everywhere.

KITTY WOOD

Kitty Wood is quite a lass,
She is the smart one of our class.
When our Latin isn't done,
It's to Kitty that we run.

11 Roosevelt

MR. HAMMERSLEY

*Known by all both wide and far
Is Mr. Hammersley of 11 R.
He's willing to help us along the way,
He makes life pleasant every day.*

BILL ABBOTT

Bill Abbott is a clever boy,
To get high marks is his pride and joy.
He's always smiling and laughing too,
That's our Bill—never blue.

EUNICE ANDAHL

Eunice is in class 3D,
Fourth year boys are her specialty.
She's small and blonde and very nice
Opportunity will knock more than twice.

FLORENCE ANDROSOFF

Florence Androsoff has eyes of brown,
You never see her wear a frown.
She's sweet and friendly every day,
And will always send a smile your way.

HARRY ATKINSON

Harry Atkinson is known by all
As a lad rather dark and rather tall,
Not so quiet, for he likes to chat—
He really has something under his hat!

EARL BECK

Earl's talents in music lie,
And with them he's not so shy.
Always ready and always "hep",
That's our Earl,—full of pep.

ELMER BENOIT

Elmer's a new member of our class,
He catches the eye of many a lass.
He seems as cheerful as a lark,
He has plenty of pep and lots of spark.

DOROTHY BEYERS

Dorothy Beyers is new in our class,
She's short and blonde, a quiet lass.
Although we don't know her very well,
She'll succeed,—we all can tell.

EDNA BOOR

Edna is our basketball star,
In school we know that she'll go far.
Always smiling, never blue,
We think that she's all right, don't you?

WALTER CEBRYNSKY

Walter's an "A" student and that's not all,
He also stars at basketball.
Jerry and he are always together
Come sun or rain or stormy weather.

11

R O O S E V E L T



Back row (left to right): Dale Ellefson, Bill Abbott, Clarence McKee, Harold Milavsky, Andrew Korol, Brian Little, Bill Holoboff, Harry Atkinson, Don Webb, Walter Cebrynsky. Third row: Earl Beck, Freda Ghiltzer, Olga Pazdry, Lillian Quiring, Betty Neelin, Mr. Hammersley, Edna Boor, Alice Jones, Shirley Dickson, Maurine Little, Bill Clark. Second row: Audrey McKenzie, Mary Dopko, Sylvia Dennis, Eunice Andahl, Rosemary Chernik, Emma Lungal, Annette Klepak, Dorothy Beyers, Florence Androsoff, Olga Postey. Front row: Jerry Muzyka, Ray Pacholek, Hilton McIntosh, Elmer Benoit, Duncan Maclean, Nick Olekson, John Kosmyka, Gerald Kendall.

ROSEMARY CHERNIK

Rosemary Chernik is very nice,
She's really made of "sugar and spice,"
A popular member of our class,
We're very certain she will pass.

SHIRLEY DICKSON

Shirley is always gay as can be,
Never unhappy as you can see.
She sometimes exclaims "Woe is me!"
This Math. is all a mystery!"

WILLIAM CLARK

William, otherwise called "Guillaume",
Is one who likes to stay at home.
Always ready with a wit and vim,
Seldom anything passes by him.

DALE ELLEFSON

Full of fun, vigor and vim,
Dale's all right, we all like him.
Though in his studies he seldom soars,
It's on the rugby team he scores.

MARY DOPKO

Mary is rather quiet and shy,
She's new in our class, I guess that's why.
Although she hasn't been here very long,
In schoolwork she is seldom wrong.

FREDA GHILTZER

Freda Ghiltzer is dark and tall,
Her complexion is the envy of us all.
When to Toronto she goes next year,
We know she'll succeed, as she did here.

SYLVIA DENNIS

Sylvia Dennis has long blonde hair
And eyes of blue—boys! Take care!
She has a smile for everyone,
And always has her homework done.

WILLIAM HOLOBOFF

William's a newcomer to our class.
He's very quiet, speaks when asked.
We all admire his active mind,
In school work he leaves us far behind.

ALICE JONES

Alice Jones is cute and dark,
Always happy as a lark.
She loves to listen to "Frankie" croon,
She understands why the girls all swoon.

GERALD KENDALL

Gerald, usually nicknamed "Jeep",
Is a friend we all would like to keep.
Always laughing and full of fun,
His favorite saying:—"That's a joke, son."

ANNETTE KLEPAK

The latest addition to our class
Is Annette Klepak, a fair-haired lass.
We do not know her very well
But she's very nice,—that we can tell.

ANDREW KOROL

Andrew comes from out of town,
And nothing seems to get him down.
At schoolwork he just can't be beat,
He's a boy whom we are proud to greet.

JOHN KOSMYNKA

In his studies he does well;
All John's classmates think he's swell.
We're glad to have him in our class,
And you can bet that he will pass.

BRIAN LITTLE

Brian Little loves to dance,
And when he does he's in a trance.
The Romeo of 11R,
Where there are girls he is not far.

MAURINE LITTLE

Maurine Little is very neat,
Her skirt is always right in pleat.
With her eyes of blue and winning smile,
Many a young man she will beguile.

EMMA LUNGAL

Emma is a girl with long dark hair,
To keep it nice she takes great care.
The boys all like her, I am told;
Her friendships she is sure to hold.

HAROLD MILAVSKY

Harold or "Hersh" as he's generally known
At exam time is heard to groan.
The rest of the year he is very quiet
And never the cause of a class riot.

JERRY MUZYKA

Jerry is a clever lad;
An ideal boy, he's never bad.
He's fond of sports, 'tis very clear,
Yes, he deserves a hearty cheer.

DUNCAN MacLEAN

An all 'round sport is "Dunc" MacLean.
He really has an active brain.

In school he's generally quite quiet,
But at any party he's a riot!

HILTON McINTOSH

A future doctor and a very true friend,
A fellow who's with you until the end.
His main pastime up to date,
Is marking people "away" or "late".

CLARENCE McKEE

Clarence McKee is known to all
As one for whom the girls will fall.
Always ready with a smile,
His friendship truly is worthwhile.

AUDREY McKENZIE

Audrey is our brunette lass,
Who's liked by everyone in the class.
She's lots of fun for one and all,
'Tis true, she is our clever doll.

BETTY NEELIN

Betty is dark and rather slim,
Always neat and always trim.
Each day she is heard to sigh and exclaim
"Did you forget that classbook again?"

NICK OLEKSON

Nick Olekson is the cleverest boy,
We're sure he's some girl's pride and joy.
In sports he cannot be surpassed;
In schoolwork he is not outclassed.

RAYMOND PACHOLEK

3 B refers to him as "Patch",
His favorite saying is always "Natch".
Ready to show you what to do;
We're mighty sure that he'll get through.

OLGA PAZDRY

Olga is in class 3B
A very nice girl we all agree.
She is rather quiet, but not shy,
There's more to "Paddy" than meets the eye.

OLGA POSTEY

Olga is another fair-haired girl,
And we think that she's a "pearl".
Always ready to help you out,
She'll succeed, without a doubt.

LILLIAN QUIRING

She's very nice and full of fun,
And always has her homework done.
In school she really is a whiz,
She has an answer for every quiz.

11

C H U R C H I L L



Back row, left to right: Owen McLeod, Don Sutherland, Wayne Steeves, David Mitchell, Carol Janzen, Betty Brown, Ken Little, Johnston Lipsett, John Learmonth, Morris Anderson.

Third row: Joyce Gordon, Natalie Chomyn, Anne Chrusch, Ruth Green, Mina Ardell, Mr. Farrell, Audrey Dickson, Joan Saunders, Noelene McClure, Erma Pfeifer, Margaret Ross.

Second row: Elizabeth Procyshen, Jean Cowell, Mary Elmore, Jackie Moir, Betty Holfeld, Olga Bealey, Doreen Sinclair, Dorothy Coolidge, Marge Gilles, Helen Sherstobitoff, Marion Gajdycz.

Front row: Stan Riddell, Orest Chepyha, Sam Milavsky, Pete Hrytsak. Missing: Nick Patola, Wilf Taylor.

BOB SVOBODA

Witty, cheerful, lots of fun,
Bob keeps everyone on the run.
Though he tries hard to keep his dates,
He has a good supply of lates.

JUNE TRYKKI

June is one of our cheerful girls,
We all admire her pretty curls;
An active member of 3D class,
We know that she is bound to pass.

HILDA UNDERSHUTE

Hilda is very cheerful and gay,
Her pleasing laugh is heard each day.
She never says much, but it's plain to see,
She has other interests besides 3C.

DON WEBB

Don sits at the back of the room,
Where he disposes of all gloom.
He and Harry, a fun loving pair,
Go through each day without a care.

11 Churchill

MR. FARRELL

Mr. Farrell—yes, we love him,
There's no one like him, below or above him.
His favorite expression is "Come on now, class,"
If we don't obey him—do you think we'll pass?

MORRIS ANDERSON

Morris Anderson is handsome and tall,
He's a friend to one and a friend to all.
In school his marks are all quite high,
And his classmates think he's a very nice guy.

MINA ARDELL

Mina is brunette and tall,
Smiles when she meets you in the hall.
Though school may be tiring, she does her best,
She rarely takes time to have a rest.

OLGA BEALEY

Some people come quiet and some come loud,
But Olga Bealey is very proud
To tell us that she's neither one.
She's a pal to all and a lot of fun.

BETTY BROWN

Betty sits at the back of the room
In nearly every class;
But no matter where she sits,
She's smart enough to pass.

NATALIE CHOMYN

Natalie is a country lass
Who is very smart in every class.
Fairly small and rather dark,
She has plenty of pep and a lot of spark.

ANNE CHRUSCH

Anne is new to Bedford this year;
She studies hard, it does appear.
We find she's a very eager sort
And is known to be a very good sport.

OREST CHEPYHA

Orest is one of our bright lights,
He should be a quiz kid by rights.
French is where he really shines—
I'm having trouble making this rhyme!

DOROTHY COOLIDGE

Dorothy is a very fine sport,
Whom lots of boys would like to court.
She's a star player in basketball,
And is always seen running down the hall.

JEAN COWELL

Jean Cowell is a small dark lass,
A girl who's liked by all the class.
At basketball she's really tops,
And in her Math she never flops.

AUDREY DICKSON

Audrey is a tall brunette,
Whom many boys would like to get.
Studies still come first to this pretty jill;
Ha! Ha! Take that with a tasty pill!

MARY ELMORE

A very popular girl is she,
She hasn't got a special "he".
She likes the handsome ones, I'm told,
And really has a heart of gold.

MARION GAJDYCZ

Marion is a vivacious girl,
She keeps the whole class in a whirl.
Her laughter is heard each busy day,
As she goes happily on her way.

MARGE GILLES

Marge Gilles is a blonde little lass,
Into Grade XII she hopes to pass.

She's really very good at dancing,
And, so I hear, at all romancing!

RUTH GREEN

Ruth Green is a wonderful lass;
What would we do if she weren't in class?
School would really be quite a bore,
If she didn't greet us at the door.

BETTY HOLFELD

No common ordinary make
Our little Betty is,
At mixing Mayfair's milkshakes
She really is a whiz!

PETER HRYTSAK

Pete has a smile for one and all,
Is always looking for another doll.
The girls all give him a hearty cheer,
And hope he'll be here again next year.

CAROL JANZEN

She's quiet and shy, yet very demure,
A very true friend, we all are sure.
Tall and blonde with a pleasant smile,
She keeps us laughing all the while.

JOHN LEARMONTH

John Learmonth is tall and lean,
And in school is very keen.
He's shy and quiet and very nice,
But it takes him time to "break the ice".

JOHNSTON LIPSETT

Johnston rises at break of day,
He takes but little time to play.
He studies very hard, you know;
His motto is "You reap just what you sow".

KEN LITTLE

Ken Little in History class
Is strictly T.N.T.
He never lacks an answer bright,
Whatever the question be.

NOELEN McCLURE

Noelene is one of our shy little girls—
Haven't you noticed her pretty curls?
All of us who know her agree
She'll be a fine teacher—just wait and see.

SAM MILAVSKY

He's very shy and rather quiet,
And never the cause of a classroom riot.
Really, he's not a mischievous lad;
He's as good a classmate as we've had.

DAVID MITCHELL

Brains, brawn and personality,
David has got them all,
Plus vigour and vitality;
We're at his beck and call.

JACKIE MOIR

Jackie is a good friend to all,
The inspiration of Class 3D.
She's cute, blonde and rather tall,
And someday a teacher may be

JACOB NEKRASOFF

A new lad at Bedford is Jake Nekrasoff,
To his personality our hats we doff.
'Tis said of him he likes the girls,
Especially those with lovely curls.

NICK PATOLA

Tall and handsome, boy! oh boy!
Nick Patola's the real McCoy!
Happy and carefree, never grim,
Most of the girls really fall for him.

WALTER PESZKO

If you should ever go to Wadena,
Close to the corner of the Arena,
You'd hear someone shouting to Walter,
"Hey! Please lead me to the altar."

ERMA PFEIFER

Erma Pfeifer, a quiet lass,
Is very good in every class.
She's very pleasant to everyone,
And is always ready for plenty of fun.

ELIZABETH PROCYSHEN

Elizabeth Procyshen from Blucher hails,
And she is liked by all the males.
A good teacher she will make,
Because she has what it will take.

STAN RIDDELL

Rugby and hockey and other such sports,
Are to Stan Riddell as ships are to ports.
He's limber and strong with a fine physique,
He isn't bold and he isn't meek.

MARGARET ROSS

A new belle to Bedford is Margaret Ross,
Without her we'd really be at a loss.
She's very quiet and rather shy,
But over her the boys do sigh.

JOAN SAUNDERS

Joan Saunders from Borden hails,
Her golden locks attract the males.
But she's a studious little lass,
A credit to our third year class.

HELEN SHERSTOBITOFF

Long blonde hair and nice green eyes,
That's Helen—she's a pleasant surprise.
Full of fun and popular too,
A friend to all—faithful and true.

DOREEN SINCLAIR

In every hall of B.R.C.I.,
Doreen is sure to catch your eye.

With sparkling eyes and shining curls,
She is truly one of our prettiest girls.

WAYNE STEEVES

Wayne Steeves, the prize package of 3D,
Has always Mr. MacLennan to see.
In Math classes he doesn't seem to be;
To his mind (he says) he alone has the key.

DON SUTHERLAND

Don Sutherland is new to our school,
He's so intelligent he's hard to fool.
He's a fine lad, a good sport too,
Though to him "jiving" is rather new.

WILF TAYLOR

Wilf is our glamor boy, alright,
Of medium height and hair quite fair.
He's bright and witty from morn till night,
Although he's forever on the tear.

II Irwin

MR. MANNING

*Mr. Manning, steadfast and strong,
Guards us carefully from wrong.
With him in charge we have no fear,
For he will guide us through the year.*

HARLEY ABRAHAM

What would we do without Harley,
When in French we are asked to "parlez"?
And when we're feeling rather blue,
It's Harley who tells us what to do.

DORIS BARAGER

Doris is a fair-haired lass,
A smile she'll give you as you pass.
In class she takes everything in,
And is always as neat as a pin.

EDITH BIEBERT

In 3B there is a lass,
Whom we know is bound to pass.
Someday along the hall of fame,
We are sure we'll see her name.

LYNETTE BLANCHARD

Lyn is a member of class 3B,
A truer friend you'll never see.
She's small and cute, and very clever,
To be a doctor is her endeavor.

JOAN COATES

Joan Coates, a girl in our class,
Is an attractive, dark-haired lass;
With a ready laugh and pleasing smile,
She is a girl who is really worthwhile.

JUNE HUTSON

"Junie" is a "perky" gal,
To Bedford students she's a pal.

11

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Back row (left to right): Harley Abraham, Dave Green, Jack Mahood, Alan Downie, Walt Moyseyuk, Clair Wilson, Norm Henick, Sid Sears, Don Mitchelmore, Walter Starosta.
 Third row: Betty Long, June Hutson, Virginia Kelly, Frances Sugarman, Edith Biebert, Mr. Manning, Savella Heyko, Helen Trischuk, Erma Person, Joy Hargreaves, Olga Melnyk.
 Second row: Aileen McClintock, Anne Hesford, Joan Coates, Louise Kolysher, Doris Barager, Jean Moreton, Pat Johnson, Lynette Blanchard, Margaret Corrins, Pat Tobin, Fern Mortenson.
 Front row: George Freeman, Doug Jackson, Bernard Persick, Gerald Gurry, Mike Seniuk, Ivor Newsham, Ed Prehodshenko.

She's smart in all classes—especially Math;
 She will smile very sweetly if you cross her path.

SAVELLA HEYKO

Savella Heyko is fair and tall,
 She has a smile for one and all.
 3D likes her very much,
 For she adds a lovely touch.

MARGARET CORRINS

Margaret is a cute little chick,
 When boys are around she knows whom to pick.
 She's a very true friend to all her buddies,
 And gets good marks in all her studies.

ALAN DOWNIE

Alan Downie is tall, dark and handsome,
 To many girls he's "simply Vansome"!
 His sense of humor with never a lull,
 Keeps our class from being dull.

GEORGE FREEMAN

George is the quiz kid of 3B class,
 He's smarter than any lad or lass.

To answer a question is his delight,
 And you can bet it's sure to be right.

DAVE GREEN

Dave Green is a 3B boy,
 Out for lots of fun and "Joy".
 We all know that he will pass,
 Because he works so hard in class.

GERALD GURRY

Gerald Gurry is blonde and carefree;
 In school he never has a worry.
 He's seemingly very meek and mild,
 But his remarks send us wild.

JOY HARGREAVES

Joy has a very winsome smile
 And sparkling eyes; she's a friend worthwhile.
 A pal to all in class 3D,
 She'll succeed—just wait and see.

NORMAN HENICK

His peaches and cream complexion
 Is the envy of all the girls.

They also envy that mop of hair,
Those lovely, lovely, golden curls?????

ANNE HESFORD

Anne is a cheerful and friendly girl,
Her chatter keeps us in a whirl.
And each morning she is heard to declare,
"My homework's not done—what I'd give for a
spare!"

DOUG JACKSON

We call him Casanova,
Or sometimes "curly locks";
And on Sadie Hawkins day,
The girls chased him for blocks.

PAT JOHNSON

Pat Johnson is a merry one,
Whom you will find is fond of fun.
A friendlier person you'll never find,
And at one look you know she's kind.

VIRGINIA KELLY

"Kelly" is the belle of 3C,
On that I'm sure we all agree.
Since she's full of fun the whole day through,
With her no one is ever blue.

LOUISE KOLYSHER

Louise is petite and dark,
Usually happy as a lark.
At sports she is also very clever,
To be a teacher is her endeavor.

BETTY LONG

I do not know Betty Long very well,
But from what I've heard she's pretty swell.
She's kind and true in every way,
And does her duty every day.

JACK MAHOOD

All his classmates like him well,
In all studies he does excel.
When we are in a dismal room,
His sense of humor expels the gloom.

AILEEN McCLINTOCK

Aileen McClintock, a dark-haired lass,
Is a jovial member of 3D class.
In trouble she will always lend
A helping hand to any friend.

OLGA MELNYK

Olga is a star in dramatics,
She can also cut up many antics.
In school she always does her duties,
And is one of 3D's beauties.

DON MITCHELMORE

Don is 11 Irwin's rugby star,
He can really throw those forwards far;
And on the line he is a flash
As against his enemies he does crash.

JEAN MORETON

Jean hasn't much to say,
But to us all she is okay.
In all she does she's very neat;
Yes, we think she can't be beat.

FERN MORTENSON

Fern is a friendly girl,
And new to our school this year.
Her charming way and winning smile
Deserve a hearty cheer!

WALTER MOYSEYUK

He gets a twinkle in his eye,
Whenever a pretty girl goes by.
His hopes are always riding high,
That he will meet her by and by.

IVOR NEWSHAM

Ivor has been a regular guy,
Since he came to B.R.C.I.
A helping hand he'll always lend,
Since he's everybody's friend.

ERMA PERSON

Erma is a versatile girl,
The centre of 3D's social whirl.
We all know that she'll succeed,
She's very helpful, yes, indeed.

BERNARD PERSICK

Bernie is the glamour boy of 3B,
A certain freshette will agree.
He's tall and dark and full of fun,
When he sees a girl he's on the run.

ED PREHODSHENKO

Ed is quite a jolly lad,
And I'm sure he's never sad.
He's lots of fun, he's not very tall,
We surely like him, one and all.

SID SEARS

Sid Sears is handsome and tall,
He really has it "on the ball."
He walks around with an innocent air,
But to all the girls we say, "Beware!"

MIKE SENIUK

In Mike we find a very good friend,
Who will stick by you till the end.
And if it's homework that you need,
Just ask Mike—he'll say "Indeed!"

WALTER STAROSTA

Walter Starosta is in our class,
There's hardly an exam he cannot pass.
He really is a clever boy,
And also some girl's pride and joy.

FRANCES SUGARMAN

"Frankie" has a friendly heart,
And is always willing to do her part.
She's very sweet, as you can see,
The boys all think she's just I-T.

HELEN TRISCHUK

Helen is a quiet lass,
We find she's liked by all the class.
She has a warm and friendly heart,
And is always willing to do her part.

CLAIR WILSON

Clair is certainly the girls' ideal,
He's tall and handsome and has plenty of zeal.
He's in his glory when with the gals;
Clair will succeed—predict his pals.

SOPHOMORES

10

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Back row, left to right: Mervyn Houghton, Garry Doyle, Emil Pishak, Eugene McCurdy, Harry Fast, Ted Dawson, Harvey Smith, Bill Shabaga, Bob Magee, Maurice Nekurak.
Centre row: Steven Donnelly, Bill Kelly, Sylvia Wasylciw, Beulah Berg, Edna Ireland, Mr. Dyck, Mary Appleton, Kathleen Carmichael, Gerry Roper, Lloyd Ramsey, Peter Kohut.
Front row: Ethel Myers, Betty Stobbs, Roxie Hurst, Peggy Fraser, Lois Howat, Evelyn Hollingshead, Marjorie Demoskoff, Hazel Winfield, Mary Campbell, Leona Dalke.
Missing: Inez Thompson, Marie Flynn, Peggy Brand, Tom Hodges.

10 Baldwin

MR. DYCK, our teacher kind,
Is jovial, also musically inclined.
His lessons are interesting, we'll agree on that,
To you, Mr. Dyck, 10B doff their hats.

MARY APPLETON is a cute little chick,
An all round sport—really slick.

BEULAH BERG is a real chum,
She's blonde, attractive and never glum.

PEGGY BRAND, who is happy and gay,
Likes public speaking in a special way.

MARY CAMPBELL is as sweet as a cherry,
Wonder what's cooking between her and Terry?

KAY CARMICHAEL is the belle of 2A,
She's our favorite—any day!

LEONA DALKE has a cheery smile and helping hand,
Our every wish is her command.

TED DAWSON is really nice to know,
He's dark, handsome, and loves a show.

MARJORIE DEMOSKOFF is a Bedford newcomer,
She's just swell, and that's no rumor!

STEVEN DONNELLY—Who is he?
He's the joker of 10B.

GARRY DOYLE is a nice looking lad,
Who is happy, pleasant, and seldom sad.

HARRY FAST is a man of speed,
But as for roller skating—will he ever succeed?

MARIE FLYNN and her radiant smile,
Help us through our every trial.

A 10B pupil is PEGGY FRASER,
Who is cute as a button, as sharp as a razor.

TOM HODGES is the "life" of 2C,
He will succeed—just wait and see.

EVELYN HOLLINGSHEAD is our canary of 2C,
And a great pianist she'll some day be.

LOIS HOWAT is short and sweet,
Her eyes are blue and her figure neat.

ROXIE HURST is our greatest sport,
You've seen her in basketball and games of that sort.

MERVYN HOUGHTON is a 2A lad,
Who is seldom ever sad.

EDNA IRELAND is a nice little lass,
Without a doubt she is bound to pass.

BILL KELLY, our genius, is always cheerful,
Ask him a question and he'll give you an earful.

PETER KOHUT is another handsome 2A boy,
Who is tall and blonde and sometimes coy!

EUGENE McCURDY is no fool,
For he came to Bedford to go to school.

From 10 Baldwin comes BOB MAGEE,
Who enjoys Latin?! That's plain to see!

MAURICE NEKURAK does his homework every day,
We realize his efforts really pay.

EMIL PISHAK, blonde and tall,
Likes to write poetry best of all.

LLOYD RAMSEY is our star in soccer,
And with the girls he's quite a talker.

GERALDINE ROPER jumps with glee,
When she sees that boy with initials D.E.

BILL SHABAGA is a 2D boy,
Who goes to Tech to find his "Joy".

HARVEY SMITH is a nice young fellow,
Who talks to you in a voice that 's mellow.

ETHEL MYERS says "While the sun shines make
hay!"
That's why she does her homework every day.

BETTY STOBBS is of 2C,
A true friend she'll always be.

INEZ THOMPSON is a 2C gal,
A mail truck driver is her pal.

SYLVIA WASYLICIW is as charming a girl as ever
you'd meet,
With her quiet manner and smile so sweet.

EDSON WILLIAMS is master of the hockey stick,
He will look at the crowd and a girl he'll pick.

10 Roosevelt

MR. CHAPMAN, who heads 10R,
Is our favorite—by far!
Teaches us History, our Shakespeare too,
He's always helpful and seldom blue.

DONALD ANTILL looks like a quiet lad
But those tricks he has are a little bit bad.

LORRAINE ARLINSKY is in 2D
And is nice as she can be.

LOIS BEVAN is full of fun,
And for "G.B." will surely run!

ROSE BOYD—a tall, dark miss of 2D,
Is always happy as can be.

EDDIE BRADLEY is a lad of blue eyes and curly
hair,
Enjoys all classes, especially *that* spare!

META BRADLEY is always so neat,
No finer person you'll ever meet.

LEN BREWER always wears the flashiest of ties,
Which make the girls swoon, and the boys surprised.

EVA BERGSTROM, who comes from afar,
Is 2D's mathematical star.

MARGARET BURNELL is another 2D lass,
Who makes high marks in every class.

MURIEL CARLEY, if introduced to you,
In her you'll find a friend who is always true.

To FLORENCE CHERRY, homework means nothing,
She prefers to listen to boogie and swing.

GERRY CLACKSON, tall and neat,
With a cheerful "howdy" he does greet.

SHEILA CLARK is a tall, dark lass,
Who makes eyes at ———(?) in History Class!

PAT COTTS of 2B does his homework faithfully,
Which, of course, comes naturally.

VERA CRAWFORD, quiet, dainty in 2B,
Is as nice a girl as you'll ever see.

IVAN EDWARDS is a handsome young lad,
Whom all the girls call Sir Galahad.

MARVIN FAST is so nice and tall,
For him all the girls will fall.

HEDIE GOERZEN, a pretty lass,
Is another favorite of our class.

10

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Back row (left to right): Marvin Fast, Richard Rendek, Donald Robertson, Len Brewer, Lois Bevan, Edna Tamke, David Munroe, Dave Gordon, Alec Pesklevits, Raymond Styranka, Ivan Edwards.

Third row: Nettie Nekrasoff, Florence Payne, Leslie Logan, Meta Bradley, Hedie Goerzen, Mr. Chapman, Marjorie Korol, Eva Bergstrom, Vera Crawford, Shirley Walton, Margaret Walberg.

Second row: Florence Cherry, Muriel Carley, Anne Hrycak, Lorraine Arlinsky, Rose Boyd, Irene Sands, Anna McKee, Glenna Headley, Margaret Burnell, Sheila Clark.

Front row: Eddie Bradley, Harry Zubrecki, Pat O'Connor, Bill Hunter, Gerry Clackson, Bob Jamison, Don Antill.

Missing: Ray Shepherd, Gordon Olson.

DAVE GORDON is a group leader in Math.,
Who helps those who cannot pass.

GLENNA HEADLEY is a pretty girl,
Yes, she's got E.H. in a whirl.

ANNE HRYCAK is a sweet little lass;
We all have a feeling that she will pass.

BILL HUNTER played on our rugby team,
One of the reasons why he's "on the beam."

BOB JAMISON is a mighty nice lad,
With him the girls are never sad.

MARJORIE KOROL—This little maid,
By all who know her is okayed.

LESLIE LOGAN, blithe and gay,
Is good at everything, we must say.

ANNA MCKEE, a very nice girl, we're eager to state,
The boys enjoy swinging on her gate.

PAT O'CONNOR is a handsome lad,
When he's away the girls are sad.

NETTIE NEKRASOFF is a girl we all mention,
For lates she's never in detention.

When teachers need the help of a master brain,
We'll give them our FLORENCE PAYNE.

ALEX PESKLEVITS has dark hair and plenty of
looks;
He reminds girls of heroes they read of in books.

DON ROBERTSON is a brilliant scholar,
Full of fun and bright as a dollar.

RICHARD RENDEK hails from the East,
Of sports and studies, he likes studies the least.

IRENE SANDS is dark and cute,
She has other talents to boot!

RAY SHEPHERD, the tall blonde of 2D,
Is quite the boy—so Irene tells me!

RAY STYRANKA is a friend to all,
And is very good at basketball.

EDNA TAMKE—a nice little girl who doesn't shirk
From sports or any kind of work.

MARGARET WALBERG is tall and sweet,
Her drawings are wonderful, and so neat!

HARRY ZUBRECKI has lovely hair;
He seems never to have a care.

10 Churchill

MISS GREGORY

*'Tis our second year with Miss Gregory,
The amiable teacher of 2C,
And in our French class 'tis plain to see,
She instructs us cheerfully.*

BETTY ALLDRED is a nice little chick,
Of all her subjects, Home Ec. is her pick.

KEN BALDWIN, a boy from 2A,
Likes to play ping-pong, so they say.

JOAN BRIDGEMAN doesn't seem to have a care,
She's a sporty girl with long brown hair.

DONALD BURGESS, we are told,
On the game of rugby is surely sold.

DOUGLAS COLE is a lad, tall, dark and strong,
Who knows the difference between right and wrong.

JACK COVEY, a handsome lad in clothes so neat,
Is a tall, dark boy you all should meet.

MAURICE COVISH'S one desire
Is to set the girls' hearts on fire!

MERVYN COVISH is the other twin,
2C could never do without him.

MAY CRAIG, when it comes to school and sport,
Always has a good report.

EDNA FAST is a petite brunette,
In her ways she is not set.

ELIZABETH FISHER is the second year "whiz,"
But doesn't like her nickname, "Liz."

DON HAMBLETON is handsome, 'tis true,
He's always jolly—never blue.

ADELE HOULE is our wee lass,
Who can hold her own in any class.

In the second seat in the second row,
You'll find CLIFF IRVINE, a lively "Joe".

LYLE IRVINE is full of mirth and glee,
As anyone at school could be.

SHIRLEY JACKSON is a likeable friend,
A helping hand she loves to lend.

DONNA JONES, a dark-haired lass,
Will not be forgotten by her class.

MARIAN KONOPKA, the songbird of 2A,
Is very cheerful, always gay.

MURIEL LJUNGGREN, a fair young lass,
In all her subjects she is bound to pass.

BILL LORAN is our man of sport,
They say he has a girl in every port.

ARTHUR MASUK likes drawing machines,
He does so even in his dreams.

EDYTHE MOULTON, a second year co-ed,
Tries very hard to get ahead (and does too!).

IRENE MUKANIK, the brunette of 10C,
Is a very fine girl, it seems to me.

JOY PATERSON is a quiet 10C lass,
With the boys she'll surely pass.

BOB PIRIE is the pep of 10C,
He likes to swim especially.

CAROLINE PUSZKARENKO is a 10C gal,
Who has the fitting nickname "Pal".

BOB RAWLYK is a lad that's hard to beat,
When on the ice he's really neat.

It's MONA ROBINS' first year at B.R.C.,
She is liked by all, as one can see.

RUPERT SAUNDERS, with eyes so blue,
Is good in sports and class work too.

10 Irwin

MR. ELLIS

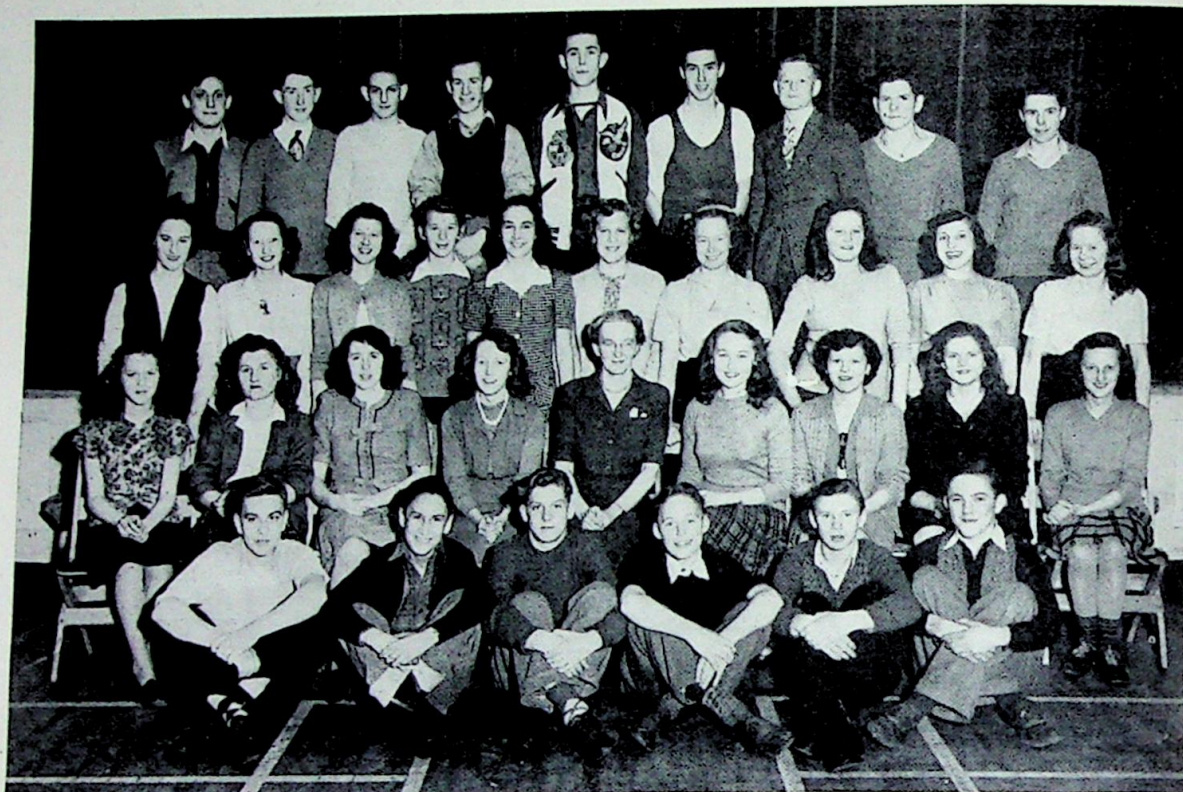
*He always lends a helping hand
To those who cannot understand;
To him we give a vote of thanks,
For bringing us through all the ranks.*

DOROTHY ADAMSON is her name,
We're sure she'll bring to us much fame.

MOLLY ALBERT—a 2B lass,
Is very intelligent—in every class.

MARJORIE ANTONIK of 2B,
Is always smiling pleasantly.

10

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Back row, left to right: Art Masuk, Don Hambleton, Bill Loran, Alex Sutherland, Jack Covey, Doug Cole, Ken Baldwin, Maurice Covish, Mervyn Covish.

Third row: Mona Robins, May Craig, Joy Paterson, Edith Schwager, Helen Sikorski, Joyce Tradal, Betty Alldred, Joan Bridgeman, Irene Mukanik, Muriel Ljunggren.

Second row: Edna Fast, Irene Klepak, Elizabeth Fisher, Edythe Moulton, Miss Gregory, Marian Konopka, Adele Houle, Shirley Willie, Caroline Puzkarenko.

Front row: Bob Pirie, Cliff Irvine, Phil Surbey, Rupert Saunders, James Wilson, Louis Vizer.

Missing: Shirley Jackson, Don Burgess, Bob Rawlyk.

DOLORES BILLINGS likes a 4B boy,
In fact he is her pride and joy.

JOYCE BLAMPIED is full of fun,
Especially when her homework is done!

JUNE BLAMPIED is really fine,
She's right in at the head of the line.

GLEN BOUGHTON, in and out of class,
Is always winking at a lass.

PAULINE BROUGHTON has long brown hair,
And please notice the clothes she wears!

LOVE CHEPYHA wishes she were tall;
Don't worry, Love—you haven't far to fall.

KAYLA CLAMAN likes to see a thing through,
In spares it's always, "What'll I do?"

JEAN CLINE is our dark-eyed lass,
Who does her homework for every class.

GORDON ESHPETER is our hockey star,
In sport it's certain he'll go far.

ED HAYES is nimble, also "slick,"
He has a wink for every "chick."

"DAMARIS HODGES is tops," says the class;
A clever girl who's bound to pass.

BERNARD HULME is quiet and shy;
We'll know him better by and by.

SHIRLEY JACOBSON—a brown-haired lass,
She's one who is liked by all the class.

WILFRED "ITCHY" JOHNSTON is well known by all,
For his role in Cappy Ricks and his posters in the hall.

MIKE KOLYSHER is as quiet as can be,
But that's because he's thinking, you see.

WALTER KULBIDA is quite reserved—I wonder why?
Could she be the lass with the twinkling eye?

10

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Back row, left to right: Eddie Hayes, Andrew Muzyka, Bernard Hulme, Wilf Johnston, Calvin Mills, George Listwin, Mike Kolysher, Walter Kulbida, Gordon Ploss, Rod Real, Glen Boughton.

Centre row: Lila Morrow, Damaris Hodges, Pauline Broughton, Dawna Olstad, Mr. Ellis, Wilma Tryyki, Gladys Maduk, Marion Tarasoff, Joyce Blampied.

Front row: Elaine Van Veen, Irene MacDonald, Vera Little, Love Chepyha, Marjorie Antonik, Dorothy Adamson, Jean Cline, Molly Albert, Kayla Claman, Jean Sylvester.

Missing: Shirley Jacobson, June Blampied, Dolores Billings, Mary Pacula, Gordon Eshpeter.

GEORGE LISTWIN'S marks are really high,
And yet he does it without a sigh!

VERA LITTLE'S pretty, bright smile,
Makes 10I happy all the while.

IRENE MacDONALD is pretty and petite,
Has lovely hair and is very neat.

GLADYS MADUK, one of Irwin's best,
Always has a smile and a word for the rest.

CALVIN MILLS, our boy of charm,
When he winks at the girls, it's a false alarm.

LILA MORROW is dark and has a pleasant person-
ality,
She likes boys no less than six foot three!

ANDREW MUZYKA in hockey plays a good game,
And at basketball it's just the same.

DAWNA OLSTAD is tall and dark,
In 10 Irwin she is the spark.

MARY PACULA is a brilliant lass,
We're sure she is bound to pass.

GORDON PLOSS does his homework every day,
And he is popular in every way.

ROD REAL—If your homework isn't done,
Just see Rod Real on the run.

JEAN SYLVESTER, our blue-eyed blonde,
Of red-heads is extremely fond!

MARIAN TARASOFF is a quiet lass,
And in sports heads the class.

WILMA TRYKYI, so sweet and short,
Is a girl that many would like to court.

ELAINE VAN VEEN is of 10I,
Oh! so sweet—but a trifle shy.

"It was rather late when Don brought me home last night," began Shirley apologetically. "I hope the noise of his car didn't disturb you!"

"Not the noise," replied Mrs. Howes dryly, "but the long silence afterwards."

Summer Broadcast?

Ladies and gentlemen—stay tuned to this station which in a few minutes will broadcast to you the story you've been waiting for. I am seated in a huge tree (to prevent catastrophe), and from this viewpoint, one can look down on the peaceful avenue below, and the large building across the way.

Not a soul is in sight and all is quiet. It's just about time—wait—here it is. Before my very eyes a change is taking place! The staid old doors of the building are thrown open suddenly and a mad surge of beings rushes out. These beings raise long savage cries, beat each other on the back, and dash wildly around the field which lies adjacent to the imposing building I have just mentioned.

One creature is hurling papers to the pavement, jumping up and down on them and fiendishly mumbling in a weird dialect a number of words which we cannot make out.

Let me describe these queer people to you. Directly below me can be seen a character with close cropped hair which appears to stand straight up (hair, that is). He is wearing a violently colored jacket with wide padded shoulders, tapered to a narrow waist, and a pair of flashy hued pants, to create a devastating effect. To offset the brightness of these vivid colors he wears dark glasses.

To my right is an interesting group of the aforementioned kind which is deeply concentrating on two small objects on the ground. Suddenly one straightens, gives what appears to be a gleeful exclamation, and begins to gather something from others in his group, who stand there shaking their heads.

On the other side of me stands a small mob of a different looking specimen. These have long hair (sometimes worn in stripes of red and blond with brown background) and hair extending down the forehead almost to meet the eyes. Long sweaters and jackets are predominating, and short ruffles of skirts can be seen. Some of this type wear glasses pointed up at the corners, and shiny bands of gold and silver on their wrists.

Another kind can be seen, too, but it is extremely difficult to recognize to which of the previously mentioned groups this one belongs. It combines the flashy trousers of the first group and the long "sheep-dog" hair of the second type. It is snapping its fingers, rolling its eyes and swaying gently, meanwhile mumbling in that native tongue something which sounds vaguely like "Frankie."

Suddenly a roaring vehicle jammed full of these people (I use the word loosely) comes "zimming" down the street. It is painted a vivid plaid, the design broken only by short phrases of words printed in jabberwocky talk which is characteristic of this species.

As the turmoil ebbs and voices are pitched to a low shriek, a new and vastly different group, slowly, almost fearfully makes its way from the building by another door, to waiting cars.

To stress the difference in the type which first poured madly from the building, and the new kind which has just recently appeared, it is necessary to

describe the latter to you. These walk slowly, seemingly baffled by the uproar of the seething throngs about them. Many of them wear glasses, and have protruding foreheads—signifying vast quantities of brains. Their garb is somewhat less extreme and colors tend to be more subtle. This group, however, is not exactly normal either, for one can be heard to jabber X2—ab=Z, while another mumbles about "hic ille allius," or something equally discouraging!

The crowd is vanishing just about as quickly as it appeared a few moments ago.

What was this hurly-burly that has just ended—no, not a visit to Mars,—just the end of school and the beginning of holidays for "studes" at Central!

Pat Scott, Ye Flame.

Youth and Age

*Young lovers pass slowly into the trees,
Where the moonlight filters through
An 'tis here that one can begin to see
Young love that is sweet and true.*

*Let youth enjoy, mid trees and flowers,
The happiness that comes each day,
And make the most of its brief hours
Which so swiftly speed away.*

*For time, like rushing waters,
Drowns youth in a torrent of years,
While old age dotes and gathers
Fond memories lapped in tears.*

*Although to this body weary with age
Life appears no less forlorn,
This is a hollow hermitage
Of a soul as fresh as the morn.*

*For the soul is served by the years,
Like hidden wine in the earth,
And learns the happiness of tears,
And the divine deep sadness of mirth.*

—LABACH

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SASKATOON

FRESHIES

9
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Back row (left to right): Joe Howorko, Harold Knutson, David Denholm, Stan Walberg, Ken Booth, Marguerite Spratt, Sheila McRuvie, Sheila Dodsworth, Bob Power, Lyle Pielt, George Sherban, Ken Lewis, Del Davies. Third row: Mr. Headley, Delphine Galus, Frances Leith, Kathleen Fidgett, Laura Walker, Norma MacKellar, Shirley McMurphy, Esther Lorenson, Elsie Kuzminski, Joan Morrow, June Sweeney, Lillian Klassen, Doreen White, Mrs. Burton. Second row: Noreen Mills, Shirley Anderson, Jacqueline Armstrong, Helen Nazarenko, Vera Watson, Doreen Moore, Dolores Graham, Betty Thier, Edith Woodard, Lorraine Crawford, Bertha Tryyki, Lillian Boychuk. Front row: Roy Selch, Bob Thomas, Walter Zaichkowski, Frank Pereschitz, Ronald Stilling, John Harder, Alton Anderson, John Korda, Walter Styranka, Ray Laschuk, Ernie Michaluk.

9 **Baldwin**

MRS. BURTON

*Mrs. Burton, you've helped us all,
Felt our need and heard our call.
In our heart we hold for you,
A warm spot, loyal and true.*

MR. HEADLEY

*To you we give an honour page
In the book of our remembrance,
As teacher, friend, and even sage,
A bulwark of dependence.*

ALTON ANDERSON is a friend to all,
Happy and cheerful in the hall.

SHIRLEY ANDERSON, tall and blonde,
O'er all the boys she waves a wand.

JACQUELINE ARMSTRONG is her name —
To be a "steno" is her aim.

KEN ARMSTRONG is his name;
Some day he will stand in the Hall of Fame.

KEN BOOTH is a handsome lad;
A better sport is not to be had!

LILLIAN BOYCHUK is nice and sedate —
To be a school teacher is her probable fate.

PEARL BUICK has that schoolgirl complexion,
Does all things with wise discretion.

LORRAINE CRAWFORD'S friends are quite a few;
She likes them all,—both old and new.

DEL DAVIES is the room's athlete;
A finer friend you'll never meet.

DAVE DENHOLM seeks not fame,
But the girls chase him just the same.

SHEILA DODSWORTH has a cheerful way.
She's happy and carefree the whole day.

KATHLEEN FIDGETT, the belle of the class,
She's 9B's little English lass.

DELPHINE GALUS is short and pretty;
She's lots of fun and very witty.

DOLORES GRAHAM, the girl with a smile,
Has her homework done all the while.

JOHN HARDER is a happy fellow;
His favorite dish is lemon jello!

JOE HOWORKO, a barrel of fun,
Is always around where mischief is done.

LILLIAN KLASSEN is quiet in class,
But when the bell rings, she "steps on the gas."

HAROLD KNUTSON has a marvellous brain,
High marks and honor he will gain.

JOHN KORDA seems rather shy,
But beneath it all he's a nice "guy"!

ELSIE KUZMINSKI of form 1E,
Is as cute and shy as a girl can be.

ROY LASCHUK is always in a stew,
But he sticks to his rights like old-fashioned glue.

FRANCES LEITH is a pretty little blonde;
Of every sport she is very fond.

KEN LEWIS is the life of our room;
When it comes to merriment, he's a boon.

ESTHER LORENSON is 1D's pride;
She takes all subjects in her stride.

ERNIE MICHALUK is never sad;
As our model pupil, he's never bad.

SHIRLEY MacKELLAR will lend a hand
In things we do not understand.

SHIRLEY McMURPHY is a likeable lass;
When the noon bell rings she's first out of class.

SHEILA McRUVIE is radiant with joy;
She has her eyes on a second year boy.

NOREEN MILLS is president of our room;
When she's around there is no gloom!

DOREEN MOORE is an animal lover;
I wonder what she's trying to cover?

A pleasant smile has JOAN MORROW;
When she's about, there is no sorrow.

HELEN NAZARENKO is a commercial miss;
Her name is always on top of the list.

MARGUERITE SPRATT is a nice little lass,
But very quiet while in class.

ROY SELCH is always full of fun,
"My mother loves me! I'm a wonderful son!"

GEORGE SHERBAN is well beloved and wise,
Seems angelic with those innocent eyes.

WALTER STYRANKA is the silent one,
Always looking for some hectic fun.

JUNE SWEENEY is a very nice lass,
The students say she's the pride of their class.

When we want a person willing,
Our class turns to RONALD STILLING.

BOB THOMAS is a handsome lad,
But those girls will drive him mad!

BETTY THIER has many a beau;
When at school she's on the go.

BERTHA TRYKYI, short and shy,
Seems to like Herbie,—I wonder why?

LAURA WALKER—"the girl with a song,"
A famous singer—it won't be long!

STAN WALBERG is bright and cheery;
He's one of whom we never weary.

VERA WATSON is her name,
And has already made her claim!

DOREEN WHITE is a clever lass;
It won't be hard for her to pass.

WALTER ZAICHKOWSKI is "on the beam,"
But of? he seems to dream.

ALBERT KONOWSKI is willing and able
To help you along with any fable.

FRANK PERESCHITZ from Saskatoon now hails,
This is the reason why he never fails.

9 Roosevelt

MRS. MORGAN

*Mrs. Morgan is her name,
In everything she's really game.
When we need help she's always there,
To everybody she is fair.*

ROBERTA ABBOTT of 1C
Is just as sweet as she can be.

9 R O O S E V E L T



Back row (left to right): Don McDonald, Bennie Habetler, Gordon Thomas, Don Siemens, Joe Melnyk, Kyle Pollock, Peter Sawula, Les Halliwell, Walter Woloshin. Middle row: Arnold Cherry, Gladys Prickett, Elaine Ramnes, Roberta Abbott, Ina Ross, Isobel Main, Helen Heyko, Mary Gardner, Ron Swanson. Front row: Jean Neelin, Barbara Pritchard, Victoria Baran, Ivona Cooper, Mrs. Morgan, Shirley Leard, Henrietta Mackay, Meryl Stephenson, Shirley Wilson. Missing: Lorne Ellis.

VICTORIA BARAN—"a good scout,"
Is a girl we cannot do without.

I know a girl named IVONA COOPER,
And all in 1C think she's super!

ARNOLD CHERRY travels up and down;
He has a girl in every town!

LORNE ELLIS is a diligent scholar;
He's studious and is bright as a dollar.

MARY GARDNER is a likeable gal;
To us she surely is a pal.

BENNIE HABETLER with that smile will do well;
My! How he loves to skin that bell!

LES HALLIWELL,—a middle-sized boy,
Is rather cute, but oh, so coy!

HELEN HEYKO is the belle of 1C;
If you don't believe me, look and see!

HELENE JORGENSEN is her name,
And at her typing is she a flame!

Her name is SHIRLEY LEARD, her class is 1C,
When it comes to a boy named Brooks,—ah me!

DON McDONALD is the pride of 1C,
The girls see him and exclaim, "Oh gee!"

HENRIETTA MacKAY is "tops" with all,
And is extremely good at basketball.

Her last name's MAIN—her first, ISOBEL,
All in the class think she's just swell!

JOE MELNYK — French whiz of 9R,
With his studies he will go far.

JEAN NEELIN is quiet and nice,
Be kind and helpful is her advice.

GLADYS PRICKETT is a lass of 1C;
A true friend she will always be.

BARBARA PRITCHARD — a 1D lass,
Quickly made friends with all the class.

ELAINE RAMNES will tell you a pun;
She certainly is a lot of fun!

INA ROSS is usually quiet,
But occasionally she's quite a "riot".

PETER SAWULA is quite the boy;
Sometimes he seems rather coy.

DON SIEMENS just sits and gazes,
While all around him a din there rises.

RONALD SWANSON has a warm friendly heart,
And is always ready to do his part.

GORDON THOMAS with those flashy ties,
Really catches the ladies' eyes.

WALTER WOLOSHIN is a quiet lad,
For in school he's never bad.

SHIRLEY WILSON is very keen;
Someday she'll make a Bedford Queen.

EDITH WOODARD is a girl full of fun;
She keeps her boy friends on the run.

9 Churchill

MR. DOBSON

*He sees the humorous side of life,
In class 9C there is no strife.
We like him very much — you see!
The class teacher of our 9C.*

JUNE BOLLEY is a cute little gal;
To everyone she is a pal.

NOREEN BRADWELL is cute and shy;
Yes,—she catches many an eye!

DONALD CARR is a happy lad;
Without him we'd be very sad.

DELORES CODY—a girl of 9C,
Is very pretty, and full of glee.

GORDON CROCKER is the Prof. of 1B;
When our Latin's not done he's the one we see!

BUD DAWSON is the boy who rivals "The Voice,"
Because he's in 9C the girls rejoice!

NORMA DAWSON is full of fun,
Willing to play when her homework's done.

CLARENCE DODD likes all the sports,
And is tops besides, from all reports.

BRUCE EDWARDS, dark and shy,
When he goes by the girls all sigh!

ALBERT EDELMAN, a happy boy,
Brings 9C loads of joy.

LOIS GOULD is a classy lass;
The boys all swoon when she enters class.

DOLORES GRAUER is president of 9C,
Our heartfelt praises go to thee!

JOYCE GROVES is cute and clever;
To be your friend she will endeavor.

NORMA HAYES is that 1B blonde
Of whom every one is very fond.

BEVERLEY HILL is a smart English lass,
Loved by all in our 9C class.

For MARGARET LEITH the boys all fall,
But when she gets mad, can she bawl!

FLORENCE LINDROSS is dark and slender,
When she walks by we all surrender.

MARJORIE LINWOOD is our 9C beauty,
All of us have named her "cutie".

RUTH LIPSETT, pretty and petite,
Has a smile for all whom she will meet.

DOROTHY McCONNELL is a very good friend,
We're sure she'll succeed at the term's end.

IVAN McLAREN is a jolly good fellow;
His favorite color is canary yellow.

JOSEPHINE MIDINSKI is very clever;
She came from B.C. for a change of weather.

VERN MONSTON is short and looks shy,
But he will wink at you as you pass by.

RONALD OATES is bright and cheerful,
And always listening to get an earful.

MARY SCHMIDT, tall and stately,
Is loved by all her classmates greatly.

SHIRLEY SCHWANBECK of 1B,
Someday a lovely bride will be.

LILLIAN SENICK is an athletic star;
In this field she will go far.

HELEN SIURKO of 9C,
Is happy and busy as a bee.

MARGUERITE SMITH—that gal of 9C,
Is always as cheerful as she can be!

GORDON STEWART is small as can be;
He's a good lad to know, take it from me!

FRED TOPPING is fair and tall,
Friendly and helpful to us all.

PAUL VOYKIN is an asset to our class;
In sports he really "makes a splash."

JACK WEBER, a quiet lad,
Is usually right and never sad.

JOAN WOODWARD is 9C's pride;
On life's way she will easily glide.

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Back row (left to right): Bud Dawson, Ron Oates, Don Carr, Bruce Edwards, Florence Lindross, Dolores Grauer, Albert Edelman, Clarence Dodd, Ivan McLaren, Gordon Crocker. Third row: Jo Midinski, Marjorie Linwood, Lillian Senick, Dorothy McConnell, Mr. Dobson, Margaret Leith, Joyce Groves, Lois Gould, Marguerite Smith. Second row: Mary Schmidt, Helen Siurko, Beverley Hill, Ruth Lipsett, Noreen Bradwell, Norma Dawson, Norma Hayes, June Bolley, Shirley Schwanbeck, Delores Cody. Front row: Paul Voykin, Jack Weber, Gordon Stewart, Vern Monston. Missing: Joan Woodward, Ken Auckland.

9 Irwin

MR. McPHERSON

*An expert at History, a leader great,
His help in Guidance we appreciate.
To him whom we'll remember many a day,
Goes sincere tribute, from his class 1A.*

OPAL ANDAHL'S ways will beguile,
For she always seems to wear a smile.

RUTH ANTILL, our classmate true,
Is very clever and seldom blue.

YVONNE BALDWIN with light brown hair,
Hardly ever has a care.

CLIFF BASKIN is a cute little fellow;
His deep bass voice is sometimes mellow.

ELFRIEDA BERNDT is a sweet young lass,
One of the blondes from our 1D class.

PAT BROWNRIGG "went and called a dare,"
Doggonit! She went and cut her hair!

MARY BUDZ is full of "Old Nick,"
Which helps to make 9 Irwin click.

BERNICE CLANCY is both short and dark;
For her presence the "wolves" do bark.

SHIRLEY CLARK we know likes gum,
But in detention feels very glum.

ARCHIE CHABEN is known by us
To have good looks and personality plus.

IONE CRAIG, our sweet Irish lass,
Gets attention from all the class.

JANET CRYER, our classmate true,
Is full of fun and never blue.

JOYCE COWELL in school work should certainly pass
And with horses, she's a brilliant lass.

MARIAN DAVIES is very honest,
And along with that she's very modest.

NICK DONALESHEN is so small and cute,
But when in Math., he's very mute.

9 I R W I N



Back row (left to right): Henry Wenzel, Bayard Reesor, Ray Listwin, Vernon Lawton, Bill Wickett, Archie Chaben, Johnnie Haider, Bob Lee, Don Pallen. Third row: Shirley Mainville, Mona Drewes, Georgina Skinner, Violet Irvine, Mr. McPherson, Alice Kowaluk, Joan Legg, Janet Cryer, Nettie Humeniuk. Second row: Ione Craig, Ruth Antill, June Giesbrecht, Elfrieda Berndt, Marlene Rosen, Mary Loshack, Betty Hunter, Phyllis Loughton, Viola Moore. Front row: Bob Pulak, Walter Koeble, Ross Doherty. Missing: Leila Knight.

ROSS DOHERTY, not very tall,
Is never in class, but out in the hall.

MONA DREWES is very neat,
We all think she's very sweet.

ANNA GAJDYCZ'S motto is fun and laughter,—
"Have fun to-day, and peace ever after."

JUNE GIESBRECHT is our 91 dear,
Helps us on with lots of cheer.

JOHN HALL, we take for shy,
But he's really a wonderful guy

BETTY HUNTER, dark and sweet,
Is really "hep" upon her feet.

MIKE HORBAY is quite the dream,
Never heard, but always seen.

FRANCES HRYSTAK has a radiant smile,
Which will help us o'er many a mile.

NETTIE HUMENIUK will readily blush,
Her rosy cheeks very easily flush.

VIOLET IRVINE, we think she's tops,
'Cause in her work she never "flops".

JEAN JACKSON is a dear,
She'll be successful—that is clear.

LEILA KNIGHT starts out at eight,
But when she arrives, she's usually late.

KEN KINSLEY, a wicked curve can throw,
But when in Math, it's "I don't know."

ALICE KOWALUK, she's sweet and dandy,
When in doubt, she's always handy.

Oh he's nice,—that little lamb,
WALTER KLOEBLE'S a handsome man.

VERNON LOUGHTON, we think he's dandy,
For he supplies us with gum and candy.

JOAN LEGG, tall and slim,
Has vitality, vigor and vim.

JACK LEARD, nimble and quick,
Out of school, he seems to click.

9
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Back row (left to right): Johnny McClocklin, Darl Yoos, Keith Steeves, Mike Horbay, Jack Leard, Bob Sotnikow, Hugh Morrell, John Hall. Third row: Clayton Swalwell, Yvonne Baldwin, Joyce Cowell, Shirley Clark, Mr. J. Lydiard, Mary Budz, Frances Hrystak, Jean Jackson, Cliff Baskin. Second row: Bernice Clancy, Evelyn Prihedko, Joan Toombs, Anna Gajdycz, Opal Andahl, Shirley Robertson, Pat Brownrigg, Leona Schroeder, Marian Stuart. Front row: Bruce Thomas, Ken Kinsley, Jackie Magdalin, Nick Donaleshin, Hugo Loran.

RAY LISTWIN is a popular boy,—why?
Curly hair? aye, aye, aye!

MARY LOSHACK wears a smile on her face,
The reason,—he's giving her a chase.

PHYLLIS LOUGHTON, tall and dark,
Has looks besides and plenty of spark.

JACKIE MAGDALIN is the hit of 9I,
Could it be his flashy tie?

HUGO LORAN is full of fun,
When trouble starts he's on the run.

MARJORIE MATHESON is just right,
Her pretty eyes are quite a sight.

SHIRLEY MAINVILLE, our athlete fair,
In all sports, she does her share.

HUGH MORRELL, short and dark,
In History, is our leading spark.

JOHN McLAUGHLIN is a handsome lad,
The teachers know he's homework mad (?)

DON PALLLEN'S mind is far from home,
What is the cause? Why should it roam?

EVELYN PRIHEDKO, this pretty lass,
Is a favorite with our 9I class.

SHIRLEY ROBERTSON is really O.K.,
A teacher she hopes to be someday.

MARLENE ROSEN has a "Lux" complexion,
We think she's heading in the Hollywood direction.

ROBERT PULAK, some think he's shy,
But you should see him on the sly!

BAYARD REESOR, tall and dark,
Is always happy as a lark.

LEONA SCHROEDER is very coy,
Especially to a second year boy.

GEORGINA SKINNER, meek and mild?
In Science is a problem child.

CLAYTON SWALWELL is never bad,
Tall and handsome, but can't be had.

BOB SOTNIKOW is a speed flash,
And on Ivona, spends his cash.

KEITH STEEVES is our President keen,
On the Secretary he's sure to lean!!!

MARIAN STUART is the likeable sort,
Is fond of school, and good at sport.

BRUCE THOMAS can't be beat,
He's bright and cheerful and always neat.

JOAN TOOMBS has pretty hair,
I guess that's why they stop and stare.

BILL WICKETT is age fourteen,
And he's got his eye on a certain Noreen.

HENRY WENZEL is a mischievous lad,
When he's around we're never sad.

DARL YOOS, has a "lot of wave,"
Just the kind the girls do crave.

MR. LYDIARD

*Mr. Lydiard is the head of our clan,
And for us does everything he can.
As a singer he has a perfect key;
As a coach he excels—we all agree!*

Ikey had sold a canary to Mikey.
"You're sure he is a good singer?" inquired Mikey.
"He's a grand singer," said Ikey.
A week later Mikey came back.
"This bird is lame," he said.
"Well, what did you want, a singer or a dancer?"

*Mary had a little watch,
She swallowed it—
It's gone.
Now every time that Mary walks,
Time Marches On!*

A Smile

(Continued from Page 14)

before when her daddy had kissed her goodnight. Before leaving, he had a little talk with his daughter, asking her to be patient, to obey the doctor, and to pray.

"Some day," he said, "you'll walk just like the other children," and as he closed the door, he smiled that certain smile.

Therese's daddy had been away a long time. She recalled her mother's telling her that he had gone away "to fight a war." What was war? That, this little girl couldn't answer. "However, every night just after Nurse had shut off the light, she'd pray:

"Dear Lord, tell my Daddy not to fight any more and come home." No one had told this dear child that Daddy was never coming home, and so each night she prayed. The weeks had flown by and day by day Therese became weaker and more tired.

Tonight she could not lift her head. Nurse turned the pillow as the doctor and her mother came into the room. Scarcely noticing them, she lay relaxed in the coolness of the pillow. The physician came over to her and spoke gently, but Therese did not answer. Suddenly, as if by some force, the smiling face of her Daddy appeared before her. She saw that smile once again. The lips in the small wan face parted and Therese smiled as she hadn't for three long years. Her eyelids fluttered and closed. The doctor turned to her mother saying:

"Therese has walked into the arms of her Daddy, the Daddy who had 'such a nice smile'."

BOOKS YOU'LL NEVER READ

The Burglars—by Robin Banks.
The Knockout—by E. Rosa Gayne.
Travelling Abroad—by Mills B. Yonder.
The Dutch Workman—by Hans R. Durtee.
The Cannibals—by Henrietta Mann.
The Pup—by Watt A. Bark.
The Postscript—by Adeline More.
The Untruthful Boy—by Eliza Lott.

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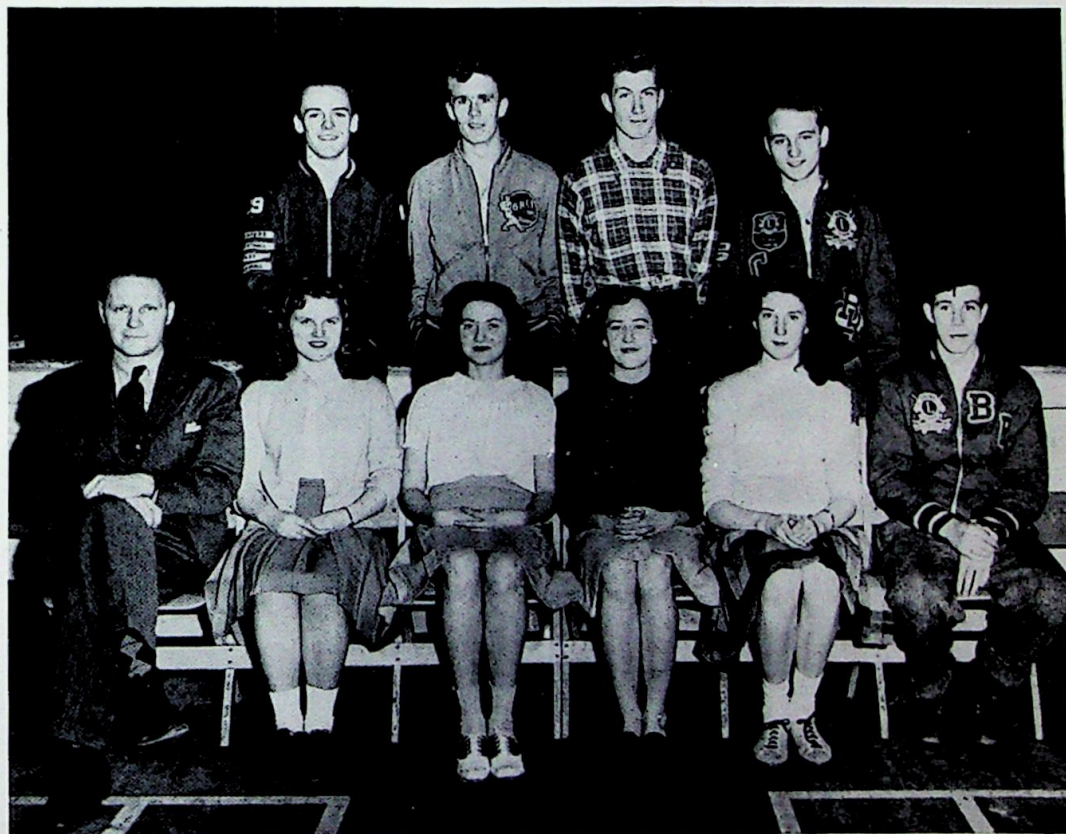
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SPORTS

The Athletic Council



ATHLETIC COUNCIL

*Back row (left to right): Terry Maher, Don Mitchelmore, Ray Hamilton, Stan Riddell.
Front row: Mr. McEown, Helen Sherstobitoff, Betty Steel, Iris Fletcher, Mary Reichardt,
Gordon McFarlane.*

Athletic Council

The Athletic Council is made up of the House Athletic leaders, with two representatives from the House Council and a Staff member. This year's President is Gordie McFarlane, and Secretary, Helen Sherstobitoff. Mr. McEown is the Staff representative. It is the duty of this Council to encourage all branches of sports carried on in the school. It has also been partly responsible for the greater participation in school sports. This year House spirit in sports has increased considerably and we know there will be an even greater increase next year.

Soccer

Once again with the same old Bedford spirit, our soccer team fought bravely under the expert coaching of Mr. Fisher. The games that the team lost were really heart-breakers, having been lost by a one goal margin in many cases. In six games played, Bedford lost two games to Nutana, tied one and lost one against City Park, and defeated and tied with Tech, which left them in third place.

The team members were: Tom Jackson and Vic Sipko as goalkeepers; Bob Rawlyk, Norm Henick and Ray Pacholek, fullbacks; Nick Patola, Earl Miller and Arnold Cherry as halfbacks; and Don McDonald, Darl Yoos, Del Davis, Lorne Romphf, Lloyd Ramsey and Jake Nekrasoff as forwards.

Rugby



Under the capable leadership of our coach, Mr. Lydiard, Bedford came through with the so-called "surprise package" of the season by defeating Tech, 19-1, in the City final. After bowing to Tech twice during the regular league play, Bedford held Tech to a 6-6 draw in the final. This necessitated a replay and then Bedford's superiority outshone Tech. In the first North-South Collegiate Rugby final, Bedford bowed to Regina Scott Collegiate by a 9-0 score.

The backfield, quartered by Maher, ran smoothly with B. Campbell, Maynard and Munro doing some nice running and Bourke following through with his timely plunges. "Sticky fingered" ends, Rorison and Mitchelmore, proved a real threat to opposing teams. Line maulers, Dawson, Dunlap, Overguard and McFarlane broke up many of the opposing team's plays before they even got started. Every player on the team was "in there fighting" until the last whistle, a spirit that is symbolic of Bedford.

Personnel:

Quarterbacks: Maher, Hunter; Halves: Munro, B. Campbell, Bourke, Maynard, Ellefson, Riddell, Burgess, Eshpeter and Brewer. Ends: Rorison, Mitchelmore, Edwards and Persick. Guards: Dawson, Overguard, Sears, Surbey. Tackles: McFarlane, Dunlap, Richwa, Semenoff. Centers: Cambridge and D. Campbell.

RUGBY GAME

*Bedford and City Park are rivals of old,
Stories about them have often been told.
Here is a story, I'd like to relate,
'Bout a rugby game, and City Park's fate.
The sun that day on Cairn's was shining;
In the bleachers people were reclining.
At quarter time City Park led,
Just because they used their head.
The second quarter was very much better,
Our plays were working to the letter.
A pass came out to Mitch, our end,
To City Park he was no friend.
He galloped across the line with the ball;
(We're really lucky that he's so tall.)
The score was tied, but not for long.
The Kids from the Park came back very strong.
A pass off a kick:
Did the trick
Peberdy threw a beautiful pass;
(Betcha he did it for his lass.)
"Fingers" McKercher caught the ball,
And got a touchdown; that was all:
The third quarter went by scoreless,
In fact, the play was very careless.
The last quarter came, and not too soon,
'Cause Bedford fans were in a swoon.*

*The score was 11 to 5 for 'Park,
Bedford's hopes looked very dark.
Then Rorison kicked a lovely field goal
'Way up in the air and over the pole.*

*The score was now 11 to 8
And now,—we come to City Park's fate.
"Jackson" snapped the ball to Don,
Who pranced around like a little fawn.
He whipped a pass to Merton Bourke,
(He's a boy who did lots of work.)
"Mert" was really doing fine,
And he galloped down across the line.
Three cheers for us, cause we had won
(You must admit, it was lots of fun.)
Our quarter, Terry called plays O.K.
All in all he had a very good day.
"Swivel hips" Campbell was on the beam,
His passes at all times were really a dream.
"Pint-sized" Jerry did well on the end run,
By the look on his face, it wasn't for fun.
Maynard was always in there hard
Another kid with plenty of lard.
The subs were on the bench for a reason,
They're gettin' ready to play next season.*

—LES EDWARDS

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First Row (left to right): Don Rorison, Terry Maher, Gordon McFarlane, Tom Dunlop, Chet Overguard. Second Row: Bill Campbell, Jack Cambridge, Ted Dawson, Jerry Munro, Merton Bourke. Third Row: Ken Maynard, Don Mitchelmore, Mr. Lydiard (coach), Don Burgess, Nick Semenoff. Fourth Row: Sir Sears, Les Edwards, Len Brewer, Corky Eshpeter. Fifth Row: Lorne Wright, Bill Hunter, Dan Campbell, Dale Ellefson, Stan Riddell. Sixth Row: Ray Styranka, Pat Surbey, Bernard Persick, Bill Richwa, Craig Murray.

Girls' Inter-House Volleyball

The girls' athletic activities were again opened by an exciting volleyball league. This year the points were divided equally among the four houses, with Churchill winning the laurels in First Year; Irwin in Second Year; Baldwin in Third Year and Roosevelt in Fourth Year. The Third Year Baldwin victors under their capable Captain, Betty Steel, went on to capture the Inter-Collegiate crown. Congratulations girls!

Laurels also go to Miss MacDermid for her management of the league and for the spirit of keen competition which existed at each game. The traditional House Spirit was indeed strengthened by the year's successful volleyball season.

Girls' Inter-House Basketball

Another successful season of basketball has been completed. This year, with the inauguration of a new system, its skills and thrills were revealed to an even larger number of enthusiasts.

All the first place positions in the Girls' Inter-House Leagues were occupied by Baldwin and Roosevelt. In First Year the Roosevelt squad finished in first place under the guiding hand of Shirley McKee, their coach.

Jean Howes and the X Baldwin Girls repeated their performance of last year by a decisive victory in the Second Year League. Baldwin also captured the Third Year Crown with Ethel Sklar acting as coach. The XII Roosevelt girls chalked up an enviable record as they emerged undefeated after the season's play.

Our heartiest congratulations are extended to the Grade X and XI Baldwin teams who went on to capture their respective Inter-Collegiate titles.

We would like to express our sincerest thanks and appreciation to Mrs. Carpenter, Miss Gregory and Miss MacDermid who was so patient and helpful in their management of the league.

Senior Girls' Basketball

The Senior Girls had a very successful season and finished their six-game schedule with only one loss. This defeat was at the hands of City Park, and thus was necessitated a play-off between the two. Then in a two-game final series the Crown slipped out of their fingers, and City Park was again the victor.

The members of the team would like to extend to Mrs. Carpenter their sincerest thanks for her patience and instruction.

The team consisted of Pat Lawson, Jean Howes, Shirley Howes, Shirley McKee, Mary Reichardt, Mildred Armbruster, Leslie Logan, Glenna Headley, Edith Rogoman, Jean Cowell, Sylvia Gertler, Ethel Sklar and Mary McLaren.

Senior Boys' Basketball

This year Bedford's basketball team ended the season with four wins and two losses which put them in second place behind Nutana. Bedford lost their first game to Tech but then came right back to beat City Park twice and Nutana and Tech once. With only one game left to play Bedford was tied for first place with Nutana who also had four wins and one loss. But in the final game Nutana took the Stacey cup across the river.

The team consisted of Morris Anderson and Les Edwards, centers; Terry Maher (captain), Nick Patola, Norm Henick, Bob Murray and Lorne Wright, forwards; Mert Bourke, Don Rorison, Art Fast, Gord McFarlane, Don Mitchelmore, Ken Maynard, guards.

Boys' Inter-House Basketball

This year, with much more emphasis on the House system in basketball, Bedford took two of the three cups. For the Junior division Baldwin won the House league title and then went on to win the inter-collegiate cup. Roosevelt captured the Intermediate section House league title but then lost out in the inter-collegiate round. Roosevelt also captured the senior division title and then the intercollegiate cup. Congratulations to the victors!

With this increased competition in House basketball everyone gets a chance to play and there should be good future basketball teams.

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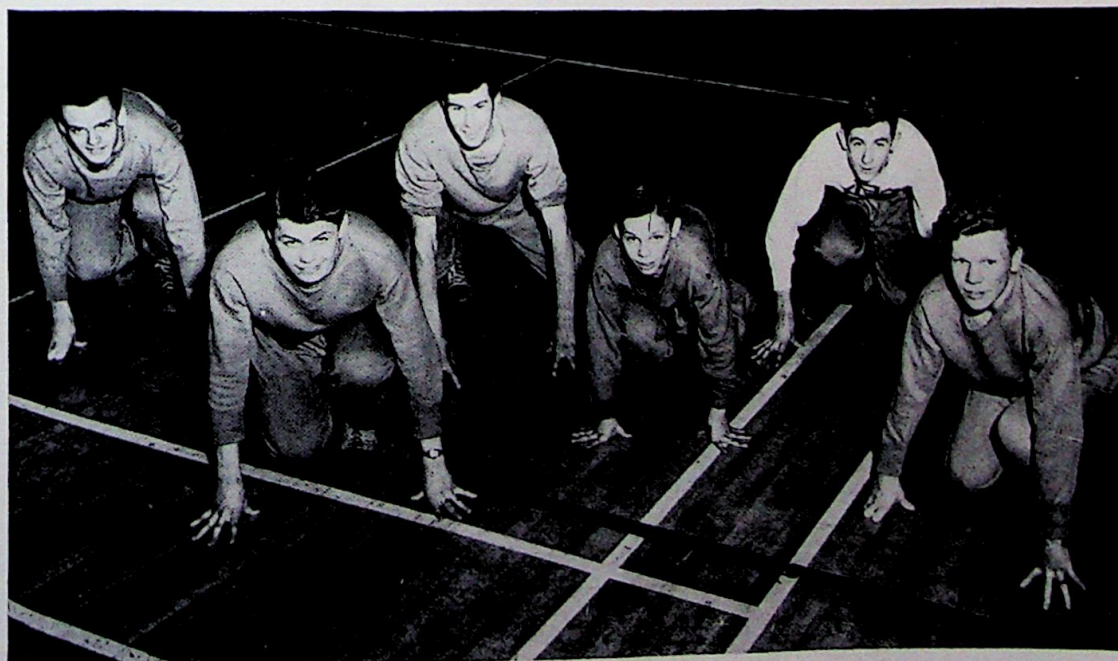
SASKATOON, SASK.

SENIOR GIRLS BASKETBALL



SENIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Back row (left to right): Mary Reichardt, Mildred Armbruster, Jean Howes, Shirley McKee, Shirley Howes, Ethel Sklar. Front row: Jean Cowell, Leslie Logan, Mrs. Carpenter, Pat Lawson, Glenna Headley, Edith Rogoman.



THE STAR-PHOENIX ROAD RACE

Left to right: Terry Maher, Nick Patola, Les Edwards, Ron Hodges, Walter Cebrynsky, Lloyd Ramsey.

STAR-PHOENIX ROAD RACE

INTERHOUSE
VOLLEYBALL



GIRLS' INTER-HOUSE VOLLEYBALL

Back row (left to right): Bernice Day, Clarice Sawatsky, Edith Rogoman, Verna Elke, Dolores Falk. Front row: Shirley Comstock, Betty Steel, Marlene Lathey, Miss MacDermid, Shirley Buchanan, Margaret Lindross.



GIRLS' INTER-HOUSE BASKETBALL

Back row (left to right): Marlene Lathey, Shirley Comstock, Clarice Sawatsky, Erna Klassen, Bernice Day, Dolores Falk, Verna Elke, Betty Steel, Shirley Buchanan, Ethel Sklar (coach). Front row: Marjorie Demoskoff, Roxie Hurst, Gerry Roper, Kay Carmichael, Mary Appleton, Beulah Berg, Edna Ireland, Jean Howes (coach).

INTERHOUSE
BASKETBALL

SENIOR HOCKEY



SENIOR HOCKEY TEAM

*Back row (left to right): Stan Riddell, Len Brewer, Ron Hodges, Walter Banting.
Front row: Jack Cambridge, Del Davies, Bill Hunter, Gerry Clackson, Sid Sears.*



JUNIOR HOCKEY TEAM

Back row (left to right): Don Burgess, Eugene McCurdy, Mr. Headley, Harry Zubrecki, Archie Chaben. Front row: Benny Habetler, Nick Donaleshen, Bob Rawlyk, Johnnie Haider, Bill Shabaga, Tom Hodges, Gordon Ploss.

JUNIOR HOCKEY

Senior Hockey



Although they fought hard all season the seniors just didn't have the stuff to bring the cup home to Bedford. They carried the play well but lacked finish around the opposition's goal.

In the season they won two games, tied one and lost three, which put them in third place in the standing.

Coached by Mr. Lydiard and later by Mr. Headley, when he came back to school, the team consisted of Vic Sipko in goal; Sid Sears, Walter Banting, Stan Riddell, Gerry Clackson, Eric Smith and Dale Ellefson on defence; Jack Cambridge, Jerry Munro, Harry Atkinson, Ron Hodges, Hing Lee, Del Davies, Bill Hunter, and Len Brewer on the forward lines.

Junior Hockey

The Junior Hockey cup came back to Bedford. Coached by Mr. Lydiard and later by Mr. Headley the team went through the season without a defeat, winning all six games to bring the cup to Bedford. Displaying good defensive hockey and alertness around their opponent's goal the team was a real championship one.

The team consisted of Johnnie Haider in goal; Don Burgess, Arnold Burgess, Arnold Cherry, Maurice Covish on defence; Tom Hodges, Bob Rawlyk, Bill Shabaga on the first line; Harry Zubrecki, Nick Donalessen, Bennie Habetler on the second line with Archie Chaben, Eugene McCurdy and Gordon Ploss on the third line.

Thanks Mr. Lydiard and Mr. Headley for your coaching!

Curling News

This past year slides into history with curling finally attaining its rightful place among the interests and activities of Bedford. Over fifty students were introduced to the "Roaring Game" and judging by the enthusiasm generated and maintained, curling is rapidly becoming a major sport in student circles.

Our inter-collegiate rinks skipped by the renowned trio: Don Webb, Dale Ellefson and Joan Olstad, while not bringing home much in the way of "bacon," nevertheless put Bedford on the curling map, not only in the City but in the Province as well.

We hope that next year an adequate number of ice sheets can be arranged for at the new "Hub City" rink being built a relatively few blocks from the Collegiate.

A game every week for every curler is the aim for 1947-48.

Senior Girls' Softball-1946

The Senior Girls' Softball team was made up of Hilda Undershute, Shirley McKee, Pat Lawson, Lois Brotheridge, Mary Reichardt, Joyce Perkins, Hazel Urton, Betty Stein, Ethel Sklar, Lil Hnatyk and Audrey McDougal.

For the first time in many years the girls were able to carry off the Senior Softball Cup. It was a very decisive year, as the girls didn't lose one of their games, and were able to edge out City Park in the finals without breaking this fine record. Our success was due largely to the able coaching of Ed Henick and the loyal support of Mr. Reesor.

Senior Boys Hardball-1946

Coached by Mr. Macdonald and captained by Ray Hamilton, the 1946 baseball team captured the inter-collegiate cup in a sudden death game against Tech at Cairns Field.

Displaying a reliable pitcher in Don Mitchelmore, a snappy infield, and a fast trio in the outer gardens the team really outclassed their rivals.

The team consisted of pitcher Don Mitchelmore, and his battery mate, Vic Sipko; infielders Ray Hamilton, Vic Pizzezy, Jerry Munro, Alex Trost and Jerry Dillingham; outfielders Bob Condon, Dave Gertler, Nick Papove and Tom Dunlap.

Tennis-1946

Bedford may be truly proud of its 1946 tennis team. With only one point to their credit at the end of the morning's play in the Northern Provincial High School Tournament, they returned in the afternoon to garner fifteen points, enough to tie with City Park for top honors.

The team members were Ken Maynard, Ken Hardy, Tom Jackson, Shirley McKee, Aileen Anderson and Pat Lawson.

Now that the courts have been restored it is hoped that an even better team will carry home the honors to Bedford in future years.

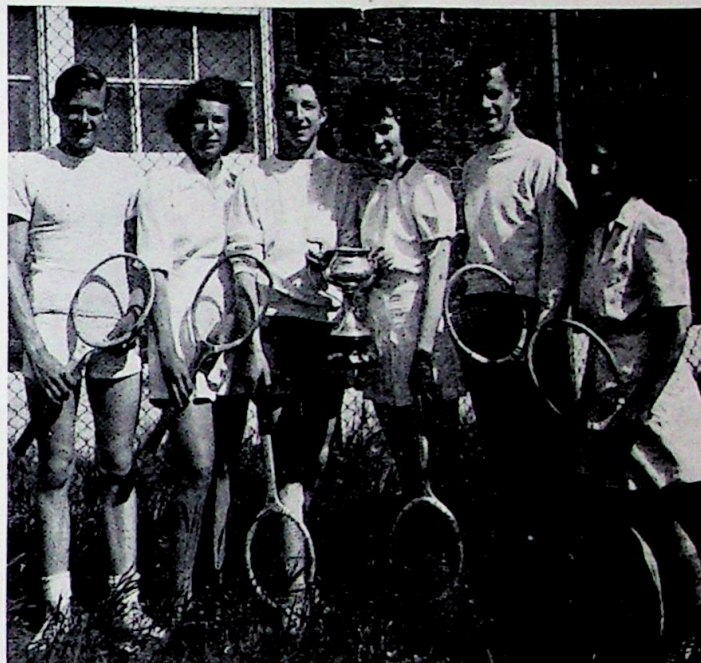
A pigeon came home very late for dinner one evening with his feathers bedraggled and his eyes bloodshot. "I was out minding my own business," he explained, "when, bingo! I get caught in a badminton game!"

Our tastes change as we mature. Little girls like painted dolls; little boys like soldiers. When they grow up, girls like the soldiers and the boys go for the painted dolls.



SENIOR BOYS' BASEBALL

Standing (left to right): Bob Condon, Don Mitchell-moore, Mr. Macdonald, Jerry Dillingham, Tom Dunlap. Kneeling: Alex Trost, Dave Gertler, Ray Hamilton, Jerry Munro, Vic Pizzey.



TENNIS TEAM

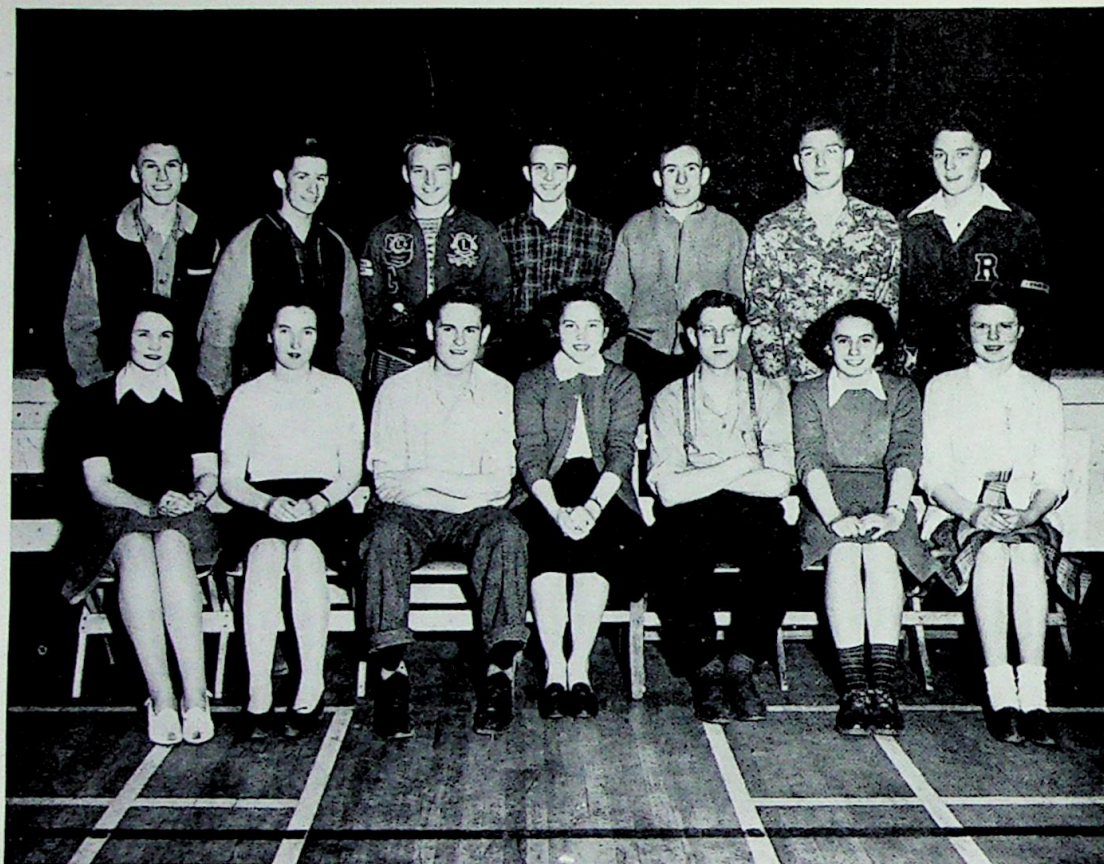
Left to right: Tom Jackson, Pat Lawson, Ken Hardy, Aileen Anderson, Ken Maynard, Shirley McKee.



SENIOR GIRLS' SOFTBALL

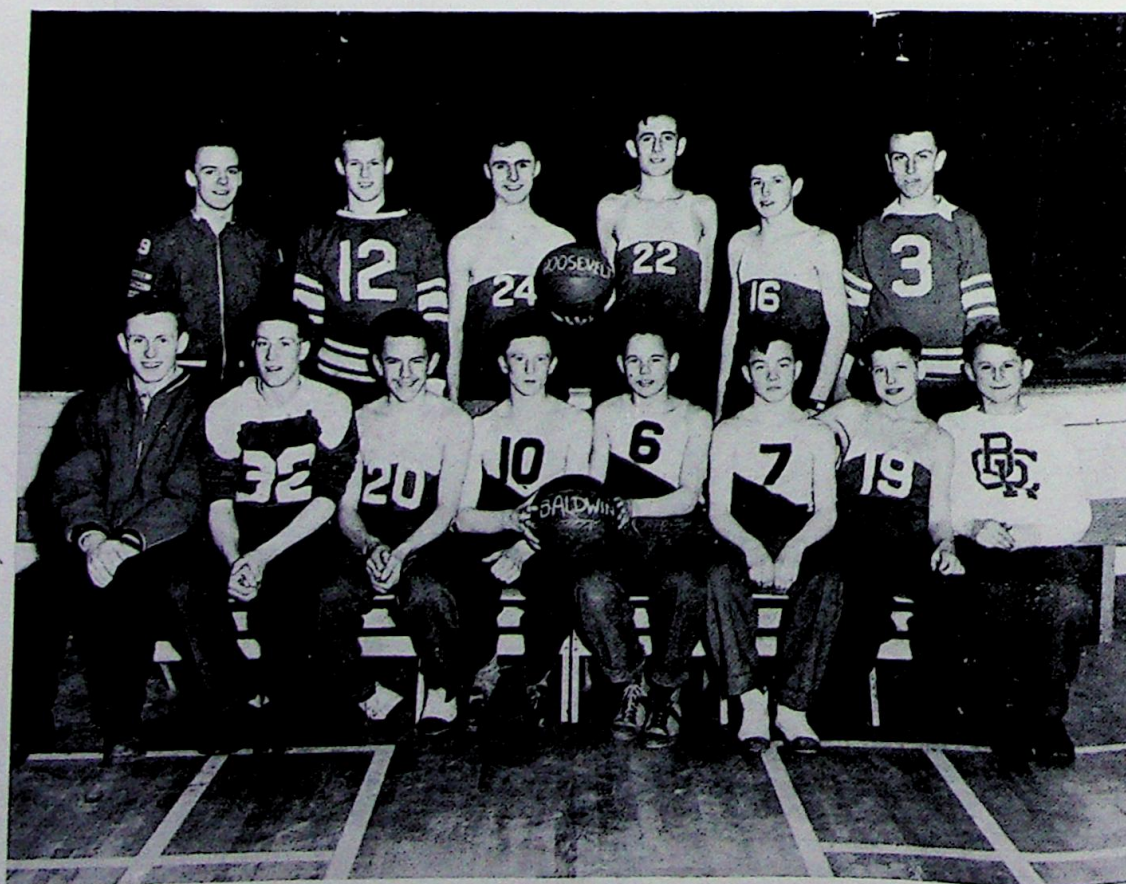
Back row (left to right): Vic Pizzey, Mary Reichardt, Lois Brotheridge, Ethel Sklar. Middle row: Lil Hnatyk, Hilda Undershute, Shirley McKee, Jean Moore, Ed Henick. Kneeling: Pat Lawson, Hazel Urton, Joyce Perkins, Betty Stein.

CURLING TEAMS



CURLING TEAMS

Back row (left to right): Ted Dawson, Alex Sutherland, Stan Riddell, Garry Doyle, Don Sutherland, Walter Banting, Ivan Edwards. Front row: Kay Sutherland, Marguerite Cameron, Dale Ellefson, Joan Olstad, Don Webb, Georgina Skinner, Eva Bergstrom.

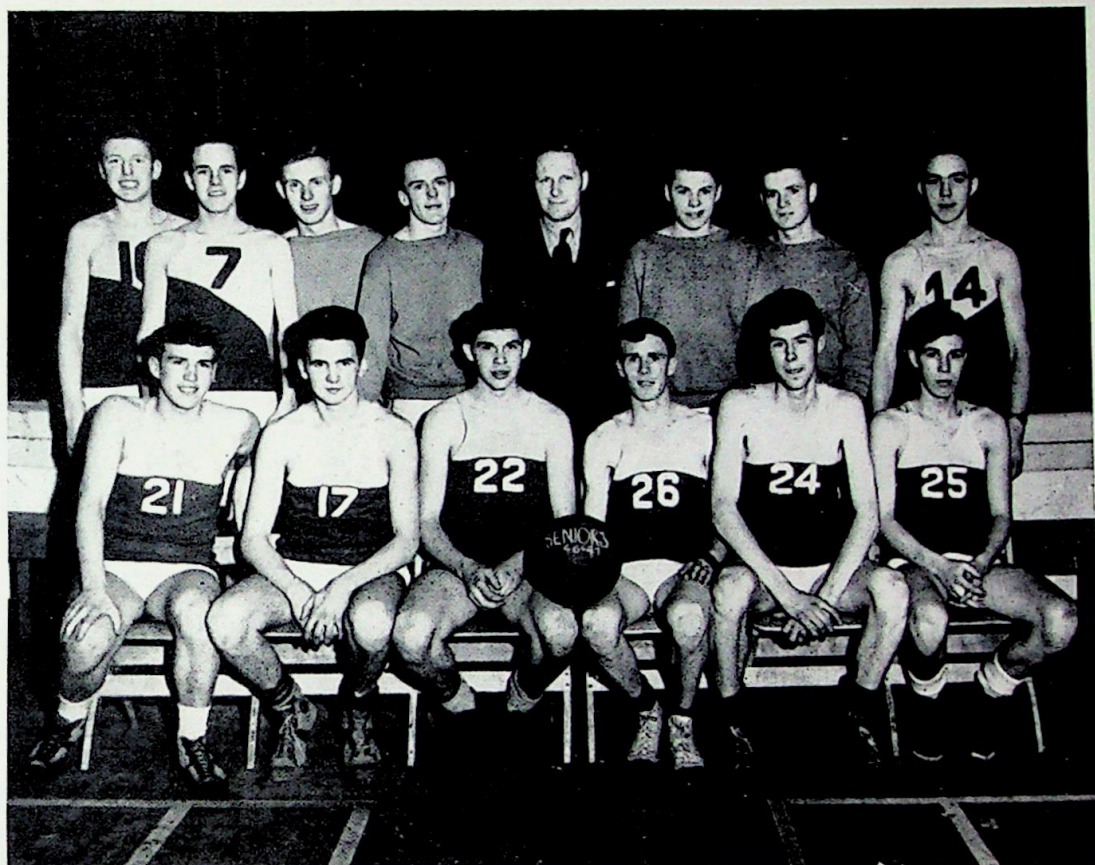


BOYS' INTER-HOUSE BASKETBALL

Back row (left to right): Terry Maher, Tom Jackson, Jerry Muzyka, Walter Cebrynsky, Harold Milavsky, Eugene Hearn. Front row: Bob Murray, Del Davies, George Sherban, Ken Booth, Tommy Hodges, Bob Power, Alton Anderson, Frank Pereschitz.

BOYS HOUSE BASKETBALL

SENIOR BOYS' BASKETBALL



SENIOR BOYS' BASKETBALL

Back row (left to right): Morris Anderson, Ken Maynard, Bob Murray, Terry Maher, Colb McEown, Nick Patola, Merton Bourke, Norman Henick. Front row: Lorne Wright, Don Rorison, Art Fast, Don Mitchelmore, Les Edwards, Gordon McFarlane.

SOCCER



SOCCER TEAM

Back row (left to right): Bob Rawlyk, Ray Pacholek, Lloyd Ramsey, Earl Miller, Norman Henick, Bob Murray. Front row: Darl Yoos, Nick Patola, Tom Jackson, Del Davies, Don McDonald, Mr. Fisher.

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Those of the old guard.

Nor will the square,
Which holds the aging school,
Fade from our warmest memory
Fade,—and slowly cool.

—STEWART

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Thrills . . .

Everywhere the snow has drifted
And through the branches gently sifted;
The buds on the trees are frozen and dead
Before the wind the leaves have fled.
And now there's one thing that I know—
That when the sun is gone from sight
There comes a new and stunning light,
The cheer of Christmas with its glow,
The dazzling of the crisp white snow.
But then again I feel the thrill
Of Christmas and the bitter chill.
The joy of peace, good will to men,
Has finally come around again.

Don Carr.

* * *

Station Sergeant: "It seems to me that you've
been coming up to me for the last 20 years."

Criminal: "Can I help it if you don't get pro-
moted?"

* * *

Caesar (coming out of a speakeasy): "Veni, vidi
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Vol. O

Sak'toon, October, B.C.

No. O

EXTRA

READ ALL ABOUT IT!!

EXTRA

SENSATIONAL
EXPOSE

(Editor's Note): We are privileged to publish this report by the eminent Aunt Snoopy. It has involved tireless and diligent research, together with many perilous situations and dangerous risks. However, she has survived all, and now tells all in her sensational expose of Bedford doings.

They say that "Variety is the Spice of Life"; if so, the Love-life of our dear Alma Mater has been highly seasoned. Natch your ol' Aunt Snoopy is just the person to relate these things which will "cleave the general ear, make mad the guilty, appal the few, confound the ignorant, and amaze, indeed, the very faculties of eyes and ears."

It seems Earl Miller is the affectionate type for he has become known as "Lover" and I have a sneaking suspicion it was he who caused Kay Sutherland to break out with chicken pox. However, upon further investigation I found that Lorne, Garry, Willis, Pat and a few others could very likely have been just as guilty. My dreams of scandal were shattered though, by the discovery that several of them are immune to this disease.

Remember the demure Campbell boys of yester-year? Yeah man, they sure fooled us! Dan has been going steady with pretty Shirley Mason for ever so long, and I feel very disheartened about the whole affair, for I always said, "if I can't have Dan, I'll take Van," but now they're both hooked! Now, as for Bill, it looks like Mary Appleton has landed him. He has always told us that no female had been kissed by him except his mother, but boy, I'll bet he doesn't have to be coaxed to call Mary "mama".

Of course there is a lot of old stuff still in full bloom, like Shirley Howes and Don Rorison. Love to see that couple dance!! I've heard they do it in Ontario style. (Just ask Don Way how that is). Likewise, twin Jean and Bob Ranson are still "that-a-way", but he's moved away and can't see her very often, poor fellah. However Sid Sears has been acting as substitute, and fills the bill quite well, we feel. Two other old-timers are Dolly Billings and Gordie

Barrett. They're seen everywhere together. She even calls for him every morning, but you'd better watch Earle Askwith, Gordie, he walks with her on her way to call on you.

Our hero Merton Bourke has disappointed many a worshipping damsel at Bedford by picking a girl from the Convent. It seems everyone has noticed the love in Marion Williams' eyes as she gazes at Mert, except Mert, so now a fellow named Keith, in a yellow car, is helping to heal her heart. Since we're on the subject, I really must tell you about Nickie Semenoff's love. It was a well known fact that Lorraine Holloway had him in a daze, but then Luther Bergstrom arrived and stole her heart, leaving Nickie very sad. But even that didn't last long, and before I knew it, she was going steady with Bernie Hallam. A lot of fickle people in Bedford, but somebody has to cause some excitement.

Our Senior Pin is the vertex of one of those eternal triangles, with Ken Hardy and Tom Jackson completing it. The mere mention of Pat's name to Tom makes him burst forth with praise. Right now it looks like Mary Elmore is trying to get Ken out of this situation, which will only create another triangle, for Eric Smith is right in there pitching, as is Jack Cambridge (maybe you're haffing skivvies yet!) More than likely Jack will quietly fade out of the picture, for his heart belongs to Donna Jones. Up until she left our midst, they made quite a steady couple. He gets letters from her regularly, I've heard. Terry Maher likewise has lost his love, for Gladys Whyte moved away too, and much to the dismay of many freshie girls, he doesn't seem to bother much with anyone else.

Then there's always that foursome, composed of Ted Dawson and Audrey Dickson, and Stan Riddell with Joyce Roberts—all of whom have it bad, 'twas plainly seen. Shirley Comstock must be pretty proud of herself, because she has Les Edwards, hook, line and sinker! (Don't you remember? Don't you remember? He was voted "the man most Bedford girls would like to be marooned with on a desert isle").

"Into each life a little rain must fall," a popular song says, but Mary MacLaren can tell you too, in plain English, for her beautiful romance with

Jehnnny and Robertson and Bunn has gone on the rocks, as has Reg Brown's with Kitty Wood. Gladys Duda has had her share of downpour too, for she and Earle Askwith aren't doing so well of late . . . But wait, it appears they are going as strong as ever now . . . How can you keep up with these kind of people?

This year Ruth Ross is seen with Chet Overguard, but Aunt Snoopy heard she got him in one of his weaker moments—he had a broken arm. Another cute couple is Ron O'Hara and June Hutson, also "Mouse" and a pretty dark-haired girl whose initials are Doreen Sinclair.

That's the trouble with all these people—most of them get along so well your Aunt Snoopy just can't find any scandal, except for this: It seems two fourth year girls are just dying to see the expression on Rosemary Chernik's face when she turns to the Zoo Page. For your information, Rosemary, we even went to all the trouble of having a negative plus a few snaps made and you thought you had the only one! What will Owen say when he sees that?

I'm sure you'll all enjoy hearing about the involved situation one Don "Sinatra" Way is causing. He has really been doing the rounds with Betty Stein, June Bridgeman, May Topping, Helen Jasek—and the rest I couldn't wangle him into confessing. Maybe I didn't pull his hair hard enough. Seems he has them all insanely jealous of each other—at least one of the daggers exchanged between B. and H. was intercepted. As for June, she's Pat Surbey's girl, we believe, and May has had her little fling with Claire Wilson and "Rover" Banting. At the same time she's trying to impress the boy next door, and she's making progress. He's only lived there for a little over a year, and already he's saying "hello". That's not all, though: May has an ardent admirer in the R.C. A.F. who sends her letters Air Mail—Special Delivery. One Audrey MacKenzie will tear her hair when she reads that, I'll bet! Sorry, but you know that some of the freedoms are "freedom of the press"—that's the Snoop Page, and "freedom of speech"—that's Snoop!!!

Those first years aren't doing so badly either. We talk about shy and timid freshies, well, I've yet to see one. The romance which tops all is the one between Laura Walker and Albert Edel-



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L. F. FURSE,
Principal.

man. The Leith sisters are getting along all right too. Maggie is seen with a variety of boys, while Frankie and Alex Sutherland were quite chummy. Whoops, that's all changed now—it seems Alex's name should appear in the list regarding Kay Sutherland and company. That just goes to show you how things can change immediately, if not sooner.

Now, I'm going to tell you something that sounds like a fairy tale, but it's the real McCoy. It seems that for months every morning Betty Steel would pass this dreamy fellow on his way to work, and she was desperate to get to know him. As it happened, your ol' Aunt has known the family for years, and one night when talking to him I discovered that he wanted to know Betty too. So, quick as a flash, I got her address for him, and now it is really something! He phoned her, and writes mile-long letters to her while on his six weeks cruise—but when he gets back—coo-la-la!!! Oh! but I do love to play cupid!

Then there's Ray Shepherd and Renie Mac with their wee bit o' courtship. That lucky girl—he pays her bus fare every morning and carries her books too.

Our beloved little "Limey" Pete Sikorski and Marlene Lathey "found each other" in the production "Cappy Ricks," and for a while they weren't acting either, but latest reports have it they too have called it quits. Which brings to mind the fact that after one and a half years "Tem Darling" Helen Jasek is once more footloose and fancy-free. She has been seeing that sailor boy, Glen, again, but ever since the Alumni she's been carrying the torch for that Varsity student with the Propyl-lactic haircut (brush cut, that is).

At present, Shirley Upshall is in her glory for, with Easter holidays so near, comes the promise of seeing Jack again—way down Foxdale way.

That Lawson fellow Gebble Schwanbeck has been seeing so much of lateiy must be very persuasive—it's not everybody that can get her to walk farther

than the street car line—but with him it's different.

But now methinks I've stuck my neck out far enough. Sorry if I've caused you any embarrassment, but take Hamlet's advice, "Confess yourself to heaven, repent what's past, avoid what is to come"—and maybe next year Aunt Snoopy will leave you out of her little column—maybe!

IT'S HUMAN NATURE

The male race is entering upon a rapid decline. It has been afflicted with an epidemic of a dread disease, known as either "Pushing-of-the-cookie-itis" or "Sharpephobia." This disease is turning the male into an animal fit only for the company of a female.

The symptoms are well known and the different stages of the affliction are easily recognized, but its cure has yet to be discovered. One of the first signs of approaching sharpephobia is known as queershoe-man'ia. The victim has a passion for shoes of bizarre design and weird color.

Another type of cookie pusher is he who has chainomia. The chainomaniac will stand or sit for hours and twirl his chain on which usually dangle some keys and occasionally a watch. The watch twirler is by far the more serious case of the two. Also important is the direction in which the victim twirls his chain. Those that twirl to the right have progressive chainomania; those that twirl to the left, retrogressive. Incidentally, those that twirl to both sides have interchangeable chainomania, than which there is no more dread disease, for it indicates loss of will power.

As we enter upon the more advanced stages, we encounter the flashy-pantsite. These are usually carrot-shaped pants, which are wide at the top and narrow at the bottom.

We also could mention the bowtleophite, contrastomania, and many others, but we stop here.

WASTE PAPER BASKET

Letters from Mama Margerine to her son Oleo.

Dear Oleo:

I haf received al your leters and I have a hee of a time making dem oud, you shud be more like your mulder mit your riting and speling. I vas always der best in der room, aldough I vas de only pupil. Of coarse I didn't heve all Gose high class teecheers such as you haf. Your fodder got hurt de odder day. He fel down der lader fife minutes after your Brodder Mike tuk it away. Mike laffed zo much he vel down der vell. We hafn't been eble to use red vell-vetter zince. Your cousin Zaddil from Mooze Jaw vas here der odder day alzo. Ven she wast bringun in der eggs she slipped and zat down un jem and she said, "I ban tank der yokes on me." Your pop was en a bed condition der odder nite. He vas oud wid dot viper Ebanezer Drinklotski, und ven he come home I fund him turning the door nob trying to pick up CHWC. Your big brudder Luke who has been in der foist grade fifteen yeers has desided to mary der teecheer as der oniy solusion to get oud of skool. He is now valting for der gold paint on der lead wedding wring to drie before he gets married. Have you any good loking men teecheers at yer skool, poir sisur Adeline vants to no. She vud lik vun mit a mustach, vavy hare, big chest, and flat feet. Persunalle I lik der short vuns mit ba'd heds. I vas to der consert and I tank it vas sve'll, und vell vurth 25 cents. It vas all OK but I expected dat feller Rohbustlen der teecheer to zing a zong. Ve'l I have to go milk der courses now, as Frank zill zays goombye.

Your lufing Modder,

Mama Margerine.

P.S.—Der voalles ara comink own zoon zo hold on.

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Saskatoon

Perplexity Corner

It is with great pleasure that we are introducing this column and we extend our appreciation to Earle Askwith, 4B, who has taken time and trouble to unravel the problems of a difficult world.

* * *

Dear Swami:

Whenever I go to a party no one ever asks me to dance, so at the last dance whenever a boy asked a girl near me I grabbed him and started dancing. What should I do?

Impulsive.

Dear Impulsive:

I took a peek into my crystal ball to see what the future holds for you. Don't let me discourage you, but when I asked the "ball" about you—it exploded! Finally, with a deck of fireproof cards, I was able to sort out your problem. Go and see Mr. McEown and get his strongest magnet. When a boy starts to cross the floor, hold out the magnet in your right hand. If he is wearing a wrist watch, the device will pull him over and put his left hand in your right hand. You will now have what is known as a magnetic personality (also a boy).

Swami Cosmola.

* * *

Dear Swami:

I think you are the only one who can help me. Ever since I was small I have had a silly urge. Whenever I see a hat adorned with flowers I run up and start to pick them. This has caused me a great deal of embarrassment. What can I do?

Yours truly,
Perplexed.

Dear Perplexed:

Your problem interests me immensely. My great-aunt's sister-in-law had the same trouble. She caught hay fever and now she can't get within half a mile of a flower. Maybe a friend of yours with hay fever can arrange for you to catch it. But be very careful of the aftermath. My relative is now serving five years in jail for blowing up a flower shop!

Swami Cosmola.

* * *

Dear Swami:

I have a great yen for reading and reciting poetry. There is nothing harmful in that, except that every time I am asked out for dinner my mind is not where it should be (mainly in my head). When asked one night if I would say the "blessing" before the meal, I calmly started out with Shelley's "Ode to a Nightingale." What can I do about this?

Embarrassed.

Dear Embarrassed:

If I were in your place I would try to make life interesting for myself, by yourself. You see, if this keeps up you will have to enjoy your own company, as no one else will be there to enjoy it with you. Take a tip from Pfsktip, our national philosopher, "You should live so long."

Swami Cosmola.

Dear Swami:

Every time I get on a crowded street car or bus, I always have the urge to snip little holes out of the knees of beautiful 54 gauge nylons. Sometimes I get severe bruises from people trampling on me. How can I stop this urge or how can I avoid being trampled upon?

Bruiseless.

Dear Bruiseless:

I can see where you must be getting quite a delight out of your present recreation. Some night when all is quiet and dark, slip down to the costume shop and "borrow" an armor-plate suit. Wear this on the bus. If you drop your scissors or get tired of your little game, install tiny batteries in the fingertips of your suit. Now when you touch people, you will really give them a shock. When I explained your problem to my girl friend she told me in two words how you could solve your problem: "Drop dead!"

Swami Cosmola.

* * *

Dear Swami:

Whenever I see a boy with a brushcut, something inside of me seems to snap. I rush up to the person and start to pat his head and coo over him. Please can't you tell me how to restrain myself?

Brush-less.

Dear Brush-less:

First we must find out what snaps inside you. It might be your liver, your kidney, your heart . . . but then, this isn't an organ recital. Buy a short-haired dog. When you see your distraction with a brushcut, just pick up your dog and stroke it backwards. This way you are much better off—you even have something in your arms!

Swami Cosmola.

Awards

The three Bulletin Contests of this term brought to light some outstanding personalities, by student vote. Mary Appleton was voted the "Girl We Would Most Like to Split Atoms With"—because she has them so well grouped. Les "Streak" Edwards was the most popular candidate for "The Boy With Whom We Would Like to be Marooned on a Desert Island," and Marvin Fast was the young man with "The Best Brush Cut." The students gave overwhelming support to their candidates; in fact, some contestants had to be eliminated for over-support. The results were interesting and even enlightening on many subjects.

RESTAURANT JOKE No. 903,631

The customer was busy sawing on the steak he had ordered—and a difficult time he was having.

"Is it tough?" queried the waiter solicitously.

The customer was exhausted. He turned to the waiter with defeat in his eyes and said: "When I order beef and get horse, I don't care. But next time, take the harness off before serving."

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KOLLEGIATE KORN

Some are old and some are new,
Some on me and some on you,
Some on teachers, "our best friends."
With this joke the poem ends.

* * *

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

Cleopatra never wrote for any of the confession magazines.

* * *

A girl may be a man's passing fancy until he sees something fancier passing.

* * *

Home is where you can scratch any place that itches.

* * *

The greatest water power known to man is a woman's tears.

* * *

Mr. Macdonald: "You missed class yesterday, didn't you?"

Earle Askwith: "Not a bit, Sir!"

* * *

They had been sitting in the swing in the moonlight, alone; no word broke the stillness for half an hour until, "Suppose you had money," she said, "what would you do?"

He threw out his chest in all the glory of young manhood, "I'd travel!"

He felt her warm hand slip into his. When he looked up she was gone and in his hand was a nickel.

* * *

Ken H.: "What would you do if you had five dollars in your pocket?"

Lorne W.: "I'd think I had someone else's trousers on."

* * *

Olga: "Oh! I had a nut sundae."

June: "Really! I have one calling tonight."

* * *

Mrs. Morgan (reading from pamphlet): "A large percentage of accidents occur in the kitchen."

Mr. Morgan: "Yes, and what's worse, we men have to eat them and pretend we enjoy them."

* * *

He took her gently in his arms,
And pressed her to his breast,
The lovely color left her cheek
And lodged on his full dress.

* * *

Helen Yanow (to brother): "Stop drinking out of your saucer! Use your cup, and have some manners."

Her brother: "Yeah, drink out of my cup and poke the spoon in my eye!"



A tramp knocked on the door of an English inn named "George and the Dragon." The landlady opened the door and the tramp asked:

"Can you spare a poor man a bite to eat?"

"NO!" and she slammed the door.

After a few minutes the tramp knocked again. The door opened and the lady appeared.

"Now," said the tramp, "could I have a few words with George?"

* * *

Miss Day: "Why are you wearing that old sweater to class? Haven't you any shirt?"

Bob M.: "Sure, I got lotsa shirts, but they're both in the wash."

* * *

Mr. Dobson: "If I add 5x and 4y and subtract 3z, what is the difference?"

Kyle P.: "That's what I say! Who cares?"

* * *

Simple Simon met a pieman,

Going to the fair.

Said Simple Simon to the pieman,

"How's business?"

"Your suit will suit" tailored at

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and Haberdasher

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Jack McPherson (a Scotsman) went on his first hunting trip. Seeing a duck high in the sky, he took a shot and down it came. Speaking to his wife about it later, he said, "I needn't have wasted that shot—the fall would have killed him."

* * *

Speaking of unemployment, each student has two million brain cells.

* * *

He (to spinster): "What do you desire most in a husband—brains, wealth or appearance?"

Spinster (snappily): "Appearance—and the sooner the better."

COMPLIMENTS OF

TIVOLI

VICTORY

THEATRES

Mr. Fisher: "Cleopatra is one of the finest figures in history."

Jackson: "Is—or had?"

* * *

Two worms fought in dead earnest.

Poor Ernest!

* * *

Pa: "It's two o'clock. It's about time Sally's boy friend went home."

Ma: "Now, Pa. Just remember when you were courtin' me."

Pa: "That settles it! Out he goes!"

* * *

Remark: "Just think. Dan tried to put his arm around me four times last night."

Answer: "What an arm!"

COMPLIMENTS OF

**The
Gem Cafe**

Daylight saving time is founded on the old Indian custom of cutting off one end of a blanket and sewing it on the other end to make it longer.

* * *

Prospective tenant: "Yes, it is a very nice apartment, but I don't see a bath."

Landlady: "Oh, pardon me! I thought you were another of those Bedford students who wanted a place just for the winter."

* * *

My girl friend is asking for pin-money and the pin she wants has twelve diamonds in it.

You can usually get what you want at

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A STUDENT'S MORNING PRAYER

*Now I lay me down to sleep,
The lecture's dry, the subject's deep.
If he should stop before I wake
Give me a poke, for goodness sake!*

* * *

AC2: "Let's go somewhere where we can talk."

Marion G.: "Fine! I haven't seen a movie for weeks."

Mr. McPherson (in Guidance class): "Now, if you went crying to your best friend that you were ugly and bad-tempered, what would he be bound to say?"

Bob L.: "You aren't kidding!"

* * *

Pete: "I proposed to that girl and would have married her if it hadn't been for one thing."

Nick: "What was that?"

Pete: "She refused."

* * *

Mrs. Morgan (to one of the bright persons in the Writers' Club): "Have you ever read proofs?"

Marion G.: "No, who wrote it?"

* * *

Friend: "They tell me Ray is mechanically inclined."

Mr. Hamilton: "Well, I dunno, but he certainly has a knack with a miss in a motor."

* * *

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Speaking of gold diggers, did you hear about the poor little Japanese one who had to go to the poor-house 'cause no one had a yen for her?

* * *

Bob Lee was asked to paraphrase the sentence, "He was bent on seeing her."

He wrote: "The sight of her doubled him up."

* * *

A play opened at the National Theatre. One critic pronounced it a phoney. "Act two," he explained, "takes place three weeks after act one—and the heroine *has the same servants!*"

COMPLIMENTS OF

**STEPHENSON'S
SHOES**

150 2nd Avenue North
(Shoes for Everyone)

Mother: "Gordon, you disobeyed me, and I'm punishing you to impress it on your mind."

Gordon Stewart: "Aren't you proceeding under a slight misapprehension as to the location of my mind?"

* * *

*Some girls are like engineless roadsters,
(I consider the simile good),
A streamlined body, fine coat of paint,
But nothing much under the hood.*

* * *

She: "Oh, I'm so sleepy. Is everything shut up for the night?"

He: "That depends — everything else is."

D. G. THOMAS

City Shoe Repair Service

428-20th St. W.

EXPERT SHOE REBUILDING

ETIQUETTE LESSON

"May I have another cake?"

"Another cake what?"

"Another cake, please."

"Please what?"

"Please mother."

"Please mother what?"

"Please mother dear."

"Heavens, no, child! You've had two already."

* * *

TOO BIG A RISK

Jim K.: "You should place your hand over your mouth when you yawn."

Tom H.: "What! and get bitten?"

MacBean's Drug Store

PRESCRIPTIONS

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BALD FACTS

Gerry: "Mr. MacLennan never tears his hair when things go wrong."

Ted: "What, no temper?"

Gerry: "No, no hair."

* * *

Jacky: "Mother, why did you marry father?"

Mother: "So you've begun to wonder too!"

* * *

Young fellow (questioning his pal, on the morning after his first date): "What did she say when you kissed her?"

Pal: "You should come on Wednesdays—it's amateur night."

Gladys Duda: "Tell me, candidly, is there anything original in this editorial I've just written?"

Mrs. Morgan: "Yes, the spelling."

* * *

A missionary was speaking to a group of cannibals.

" . . . And you know nothing of religion, my poor fella?"

"Well, we had a taste of it when the last missionary was here."

* * *

Dan C.: "Do you suffer from insanity?"

Bill C.: "No, I enjoy every moment of it."

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330 20th St., West

Phone 5191

Leona: "Would you put yourself out for me?"

Neil: "Yes, of course."

Leona: "Then please do. It's after midnight and I'm tired."

* * *

What absent-minded teacher was it that threw his wife out of the back door and kissed the garbage goodbye?

* * *

The elopement situation is really getting bad. I heard the other day a horse ran away with a twelve-year-old girl.

* * *

A lot of girls aren't as pretty as they're painted. Their beauty is only skin dope.

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Phone 5505

Mary: "I made this cake all by myself."
Bill: "Fine, but who helped you to lift it out of the oven?"

* * *

Mr. Chapman: "All right, run up the curtain."
Ivan E.: "Say, wadda ya think I am, a squirrel?"

* * *

As the adding machine said, you can count on me.

* * *

Mr. MacLennan: "What do you mean by forgetting your homework?"

Bob S.: "It's not my fault, sir. Everything slips my mind since I greased my hair."

Compliments.

of

Campbell's Cafe

CAPITOL and DAYLIGHT Theatres

Heartily congratulate all graduates and
say THANKS for your patronage

Ruth: "What did you have this afternoon?"

Rita: "A guessing contest."

Ruth: "I thought Mr. Ellis gave you a Chemistry exam?"

Rita: "So he did."

* * *

A couple were celebrating their silver wedding anniversary and several guests turned up with appropriate gifts. Smith brought a silver cream jug, inscribed with "Best Wishes"; Evans' present was a silver box, inscribed, "Good Luck"; McPherson brought a silver soup ladle inscribed, "King's Head Hotel."

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Saskatoon Prescription Specialists

Mr. Headley: "When I was a young man, girls knew how to blush."

Glenna Headley: "Why, Dad, whatever did you say to them?"

* * *

"Yes, the bullet struck my head, went careening into space, and—"

"How terrible! Did they get it out?"

* * *

And then there was the absent-minded professor who poured molasses down his back and scratched his pancakes.

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Young Men's Wear

116 2nd Ave. N.

Saskatoon

Genial Mr. Reesor: "Do you serve crabs here?"
Waiter: "We serve anyone. Sit down!"

* * *

"Sambo, have you ever seen the Catskill Mountains?"

"No, sah! But I've seen 'em kill mice."

* * *

Mr. Ellis: "Name two products of respiration."
Irene E.: "Carbon dioxide and alcohol."

* * *

"So you left your job, Don?"

"Yes."

"Was your boss surprised when he knew you were leaving?"

"No—he knew before I did."

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SASKATOON, SASK.

Stewart Baldwin has been awarded the University Entrance Scholarship. Congratulations!

* * *

The Grade 11 Dramatic Club Bursaries have been awarded to Jean Cowell and Dave Mitchell. Congratulations!

Mr. White: "I want a hat."
Clerk: "Fedora."
Mr. White: "No, for myself."

EATON'S—The Store for Young Canada



STUDENTS Today . . .

CITIZENS Tomorrow . . .

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SASKATOON, SASK.

Expert Jewellery and Watch Repairing

(Dedicated to Mr. D.)

There are metres iambic and metres trochaic
And metres in musical tone,
But the metre that's metre, complete and sweetre,
Is to metre in the moonlight alone.

* * *

(Dedicated to Mr. M.)

Readin'! Rhyming! Rhythmic!
An' here's the latest smasheroo to escape our
much demented cerebellum. It's a method of teaching
through the use of rhymes. Here's something we've
cooked up for the struggling chemistry scholar:
Roses are red! Violets are blue!
But the fizz in soda is CO₂.

If our English teacher is a book worm, is our
Geometry teacher an angle worm?

* * * *

Mary Allen sent a telegram home to her mother.
The telegram read: "I have low marks on report
card stop prepare Dad!"

Mother replied: "Father prepared stop prepare
yourself."

* * *

He (fervently): "Je t'adore!"

She (indignantly): "Shut it yourself!"

Stan Riddell and Helen Sherstobitoff have been
elected Senior Watch and Senior Pin for 1947-48.
It was a splendid choice, and we congratulate them
both, wishing them lots of success in the coming year.

The Graduating Class of 1946-47 will have their
Graduation Ball on Thursday, June 12. Commence-
ment exercises will be held the same afternoon, when
Earl Miller will deliver the Valedictory. The Lantern
wishes to take this opportunity to wish them success
in their chosen fields.

Color Night was held Friday, June 6, with the
members of the House of Baldwin as guests. Bars
and Senior "B's" were presented during the evening,
and a nice time was had by all.

Hudson's Bay Company

INCORPORATED 27 MAY 1870.

►► "The BAY" extends hearty congratulations to each of you, and invites you to continue the pleasant associations we have enjoyed so much.

(Dedicated to Mr. Mac.)

*Mary had a little book
Of sines and tans and angles,
But it did pain her much to look
On obsolete triangles.*

*She took it home from school one day,
Along with Chaucer's Prologue;
And learned to love the "gentil knight"
—But failed to find the colog.*

*Then the teacher called her down,
But still she persevered
In reading "Keats" instead of "cotes"
—Till June exams appeared.*

*Now Mary's back at school again—
It sure would have been nifty,
If, instead of reading "49",
Her Trig mark had read "50".*

* * *

(Dedicated to Mr. H.)

*Dis is spring,
Da boids is on da wing.
Dat's absoid!
Da wings is on de boid.*

Tucker & Bate

DRY CLEANERS

• •

REPAIRING
FURRIERS

• •

2575 — Phones — 3875

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